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Love and Time.

Two lovers watched the sunset die
In happy clouds that floated west;
His lips caressed her silken hair,
Her head lay nestling on his breast.

"Ah, love," he said, "I see that men
Should make no count of hours and days;
They live most when their sleepy hearts
Do leap like mine in proud amaze."

"Yes, yes," she whispered, "all in vain
I hear the bells of hollow towers;
But your heart swiftly beating here
Tells all too well the flying hours."

Early Autumn.

Of seasons this the perfect type—
The earth, the teeming earth is ripe!
From regal heights of mountain glade
To inmost depth fenny shade,
The pullulating echoes fly
With rapt repeatings of this cry,
Yes, ripe, in full fruition, stand
The numerous plains, the meadow land;
This, yellow with its latter grain;
That, shadowed by the russet train
Of fair Pomana's fragrant robe,
Whose rustling steps full harvests bode.
Outlined in blue and palest gold,
The distant hills soft mists unfold;
A gentle wind just breaks the grass,
To let its whispers reach a mass
Of aureous and purple bloom
Propendent o'er a lowly tomb.
Some few cicadæ try to sing
Their summer notes; the crickets ring
Their tiny cymbals far and wide;
While gaudy moth-flies flaunt in pride,
Where homely spiders weaving glide,
And field mice covertly abide.
The river flows with broader swirls;
A brooklet glints and blithely purls
Amidst its dikes of stones and moss;
And, here and there, leaves crinkled toss—
Forerunners of the latter fall
Which must proceed gray winter's pall.
Yet still the dreary season far
In future lies, and cannot mar
The peaceful scene of hearty life,
Whereof all nature seems so rife.
It leaps, this life, on maiden cheeks,
(Which deeper blush) and its course leaps
Through every muscle of the youth,
Whose ready hand strips from their booth
The juicy clusters of the grape.
Which coiling tendrils closely drape.
It beats, it throbs, ah yes, is told,
In joyous flow, to staid and old,
In measures full, yes, bounteously,
In sooth it seemeth good to be!
If but to feel the wholesome flood
Of quickened thought and freshened blood
Which issues from the brain and heart,
And to each wish would zest impart,
Yielding the soul a cheering faith
That love and joy are not a wraith?

—*William Struthers.*

Mrs Whitaker's Deaf Ear.

Mrs. Whitaker was deaf in one ear. It was her right ear, and it was stone deaf.

Mrs. Whitaker had acquired a habit of sleeping upon her left side, with her deaf ear up, and this had often been a source of annoyance to her husband, who was nervous and irritable, while she was a woman whose calmness and serenity of disposition were remarkable.

Sleeping with her deaf ear up Mrs. Whitaker at night was rarely disturbed by noises which robbed her husband of his rest. The hum of the mosquitos which maddened him was not heard by her. A passing thunder-storm which roused him in a summer night and sent him flying about to close the windows would leave her in perfect unconsciousness of its existence. The noises in the streets and the rattling of the window-sashes upon windy nights frequently filled Mr. Whitaker with vexation as they deprived him of sleep; but his wife slumbered sweetly on and heard them not. Indeed, it rarely happened that she heard the crying of the bady until Mr. Whitaker, indignant at its refusal to go to sleep, would rouse her by shaking her, and would ask her to try to soothe the little one.

Mr. Whitaker had often remonstrated with his wife about this habit of sleeping with her deaf ear up, and she had often replied good-humoredly with a promise to try to remember to break herself of it, but somehow or other it continued to cling to her.

One night in winter time Mr. Whitaker sat up in his library till a late hour reading a book in which he was very much interested. His wife retired early. Mr. Whitaker finally closed his book, and after locking the front door went down in the cellar, in accordance with his custom, to see if the furnace fire had been fixed properly for the night. While he was poking it a gust of wind came through the screen upon one of the cellar windows and slammed the door leading into the back hallway above, through which he had come. For a moment Mr. Whitaker did not think of the matter particularly, but suddenly he remembered that he had put a spring lock on the other side of that door, and the thought struck him that the catch might possibly be down. He ascended the stairs and tried the door. The catch was down; and he had no key. He was locked in the cellar, for the key of the out-cellar door he knew was in the kitchen.

He could hardly think what he had better do about the matter, but finally he concluded to try to make his wife hear him and come to his rescue. He seized the long and heavy furnace poker, and inserting the crook of it above the bell-wire that ran along the joist of the cellar ceiling he pulled. The bell jangled loudly, but it was in the kitchen, and Mrs. Whitaker was in the front room in the second story. Would she hear it? He pulled the wire again, twice, then he sat down on the steps and waited. There was no response. It then flashed upon the mind of the imprisoned man that Mrs. Whitaker was probably sleeping with the deaf ear up.

This increased his growing irritation, and he pulled the bell-wire with the poker fifteen or twenty times.

"I could hear that a mile from here if I were deaf as a post!" he exclaimed as he threw the poker on the floor and took his seat again, with the bell still vibrating.

But Mrs. Whitaker did not hear the noise, for no sound of her coming reached the ears of her impatient and indignant husband.

He grew angrier every moment. He felt a sense of injustice. It seemed unkind, inhuman for his wife to be sleeping away calmly upstairs, while he was locked up in the dismal recesses of the cellar.

"I'll make her hear me or I'll break something," he exclaimed, seizing the poker and hooking it upon the bell-wire. Then he pulled the wire with such furious energy that he broke it, and the jangling of the bell died away into silence.

"It is little short of scandalous," said Mr. Whitaker, in a rage. "I have spoken so often to Ellen about sleeping with her deaf ear up that it looks like malice—deliberate, fiendish malice—when she persists in doing it."

What should he do next? He could not stay in the cellar all night and he did not like to batter down the door with the poker. A happy thought! He went to the furnace, and, with the help of the hatchet from the kindling wood pile, he cut the tin flue which conveyed the heat up to Mrs. Whitaker's room. Certainly he could compel her to hear him now. He put his mouth to the broken flue and called, "El-len, El-len!" Then he stopped and listened. He thought he could hear Ellen breathing softly in her sleep, but he was not certain. He called again and more loudly, and then put his fingers in his mouth and whistled. "Probably I can wake the baby anyhow, and the baby will wake her," he said. But no response came down the flue. The baby seemed to be sleeping with almost supernatural soundness, and, manifestly, Mrs. Whitaker had her deaf ear up.

Mr. Whitaker was almost beside himself with rage. "A woman," he said, "who would treat her husband in such a manner as this is capable of anything. Either Ellen will stop sleeping with her deaf ear up or we will separate." A third time he applied his lips to the tin pipe and bawled into it until he was hoarse. He thought he heard his spouse walking across the floor, but when he called again there was no response, and he knew that he was mistaken.

The soul of Mr. Whitaker was filled with gloom. In his anger he indulged in sardonic humor. "I suppose she rather relishes having me down in the cellar here all night; it is a good joke! But let her take care! She may laugh upon the other side of her mouth before we are done with this business!" And he laughed a wild and bitter laugh.

Poor Mrs. Whitaker, sleeping sweetly upstairs in perfect unconsciousness, would have been deeply pained to learn how gravely her husband wronged her.

"I must get out of here somehow or other," said Mr. Whitaker. "The window is small, but I can crawl through it I reckon, if I try."

He unhooked the frame containing the wire screen which protected the window and pushed it outward. Then procuring a wash-tub and climbing from it to the window-sill he thrust his head out and dragged his body through. When he reached the front pavement his face was covered with cobwebs and his clothes with coal dust; but he exulted in the thought that he was a free man.

He took his dead-latch key from his pocket and was about to try to open the front door when he remembered that he had locked the door and put up the chain bolt. There was no use trying to ring the bell. The wire was broken, and Mrs. Whitaker wouldn't hear the bell if the wire hadn't been broken. There was but one last hope of making her hear, and that was by throwing gravel stones against the window. Mr. Whitaker tried the experiment. The first handful produced no effect. The sleeper did not hear it. Neither did she hear the second handful, nor the third, nor the tenth, which was dashed against the glass with such violence that Mr. Whitaker expected to see it shivered to fragments.

Mr. Whitaker was at his wit's end. There was a faint light burning in the room, and as he looked up at it and thought of his wife slumbering quietly on while he was in such great trouble, his wrath grew so fierce that he felt capable of doing something really terrible. But what should he do? The poor lady was as much beyond his reach, for the time, as if she had been in China. He thought for a moment of trying to borrow a ladder; but where could he get a ladder in the middle of the night? No; as his sense of personal injury deepened he more and more firmly resolved that he would punish Ellen somehow or other for her indifference. As he could not obtain admission to his own house, why should he not fly? Why should he not go off somewhere and give his wife something to worry over in repayment for all the wrong she had inflicted upon him by persisting, against his earnest and repeated remonstrance, in sleeping with her deaf ear up.

Mr. Whitaker turned passionately away from the house and walked rapidly down the street. He had no particular destination in his mind, but he hurried along with a vague notion that he might perhaps go to a hotel when he left calmer. In a few moments he came to the railroad depot, not far from his dwelling. It was brilliantly lighted, and, as he looked at it, he remembered that a train started for New York at midnight. He walked into the waiting-room. The minute hand on the huge marble clock indicated three or four minutes of twelve. Mr. Whitaker rushed up to the ticket office and bought a ticket for New York. Then he hurried into the car and took a seat. He had upon his head his velvet smoking-cap, so that his appearance did not excite remark. Presently the train started, and Mr. Whitaker actually felt a kind of malicious joy as he thought he would soon be far away from his wife.

It was a slow train, and he had plenty of time to think, and as he thought his passion began to cool, and the conviction began to press in upon him that he had been behaving very foolishly. How absurd it was to blame poor Ellen because he had locked himself in the cellar! He pictured her lying by the side of the baby, calm in the belief that he was still sitting in the library. This recalled to his mind her deaf ear and her fondness for sleeping with it up. Then he had a revulsion of feeling and he began to grow angry again. But this was a mere flash. Steadily he advanced toward a more reasonable view of the situation, and as he did so he concluded that it would be a great act of folly to go all the way to New York. He asked the conductor the name of the next station. It was Bristol. He made up his mind to get out there and go home early in the morning. He really felt badly to think how much alarmed and distressed his wife would be when she discovered his absence.

When he stepped from the train at Bristol rain was falling quite rapidly, and one feeble light in front of the station shone through the deep darkness. Mr. Whitaker inquired of the man upon the platform the way to a hotel, and then he started to go to it. In descending the wet and slippery steps of the platform he lost his footing and fell. He was very much hurt and found that he could not rise. He called for help, and when the railroad man—the only man who was anywhere about—came to him, he discovered that further assistance would be required, for Mr. Whitaker's leg was broken.

The man soon brought three other men, and placing the hurt man upon a board they carried him to the hotel and sent for a doctor.

If Mr. Whitaker, sitting in the car, had thought himself a very foolish man, what did Mr. Whitaker, lying far away from home in a wretched hotel, with his leg broken, think of himself? Mr. Whitaker thought that if there was a colossal idiot on this earth he was that personage.

Early in the morning he sent a telegram to his wife, urging her to come to him at once, and right speedily came a reply from her, saying that she would take the train which ordinarily reached Bristol at 9 o'clock.

From the windows of his bedroom in the hotel the invalid could see the station and the railroad, and as he watched them, while he longed for the train to come, he tried to arrange in his mind, for his wife, an explanation of his conduct which would present it in its best possible light.

Senseless anger is one of the things that defies justification, and a man's very sense that his wife's love makes her capacity for forgiveness almost illimitable, only tends to deepen his shame when he is conscious of having wronged her.

Mr. Whitaker resolved, after thinking the matter over, that the best thing to do would be frankly to confess his fault and to throw himself upon his wife's mercy.

He heard the whistle which announced the approach of the 9 o'clock train. The train came in view and drew up to the station. Mr. Whitaker looked eagerly at the persons who got out of the cars, but Ellen was not among them. She had not come. He fell back again upon the bed with a sigh and began again to grow angry with her.

But the poor woman was on that train. Alarmed by the discovery when she rose in the morning that Mr. Whitaker was not in the house, her alarm was increased when she received the telegram sent by him. What could be the explanation of the mystery of his disappearance? She was so agitated that she could hardly prepare for the journey. But she reached the depot and got into the car and began to move toward Bristol. Somewhat weary from too great nervous excitement, she placed her muff against the frame of the car window and rested her head upon it, while her veil covered her closed eyes. Unhappily she had arranged herself with her deaf ear up, and so she did not hear the conductor when he shouted "Bristol!" and she was so deeply absorbed in thinking of Mr. Whitaker that she did not notice that the train had stopped.

When he found that his wife had not come Mr. Whitaker made up his mind to go home at all hazards. A steamboat stopped at the wharf at half-past 9 on its way to the city; and borne upon a litter he had himself carried on board. In an hour he was at the city wharf, whence a wagon carried him to his house. He was shocked and disappointed to ascertain from the servant that Mrs. Whitaker had gone to see him on the train in which she said she would go. He could not comprehend why she had missed him, and all day long he lay in bed worrying about her and wondering why she did not come.

Mrs. Whitaker got back to Bristol about noon, and ascertained by inquiry that her husband had returned, with a broken leg, to the city. There was no train that she could take until 4 o'clock, and she spent the interval in inquiring about the accident to Mr. Whitaker and trying vainly to ascertain the reason of his extraordinary conduct.

About half-past 5 o'clock he heard her voice in the lower entry. He listened eagerly to her quick footsteps upon the stairs. Then she flung the door open. Mrs. Whitaker did not speak as she entered the room. She uttered a little cry, flew to the bedside and put her arms about her husband's neck and kissed him.

Mr. Whitaker felt that if he should have exact justice dealt to him he would be sent to the scaffold.

When she had nearly smothered him with kisses she sat down beside him, and taking hold of his hand said:

"And now, dearest, tell me what causes all this strange trouble?"

"Why, you know, Ellen," said Mr. Whitaker, "it was your deaf ear!"

"How do you mean?"

"You slept with it up."

And then Mr. Whitaker related the whole story, and as he did so his wife began to cry.

"I am so sorry," she said. "I will promise you never to sleep with my deaf ear up again; never, never, never!"

"Ellen," responded Mr. Whitaker, "you will do me a favor if you will always sleep with it up and stuff cotton in your other ear beside! I have behaved like a wretch."

Then the doctor, who had been vainly pulling at the broken bell-wire, knocked upon the front door and came in to examine Mr. Whitaker's fractured leg.—*Our Continent.*

The Pretty Nihilist's Story.

Sophia Perovski was handsome. "A little, fair head, with a pair of serious and searching blue eyes, a broad lofty forehead and a rosy mouth, which in smiling displayed two rows of most beautiful teeth"—such is Stepniak's description of her. She is a descendant of that Rasumovsky whose beauty inflamed the passion of the Empress Elizabeth; her father was governor-general of St. Petersburg. Her desire for "emancipation" was so strong that at the age of fifteen she ran away from her parents in order to "educate herself." She at once joined the revolutionary party, and became one of its principal members. The most important missions were intrusted to her; where danger was greatest there was her place. The fair, pretty, smiling girl that looked like an innocent child, and seemed but to dream of a first love, thought day and night of assassination and planned it with the coolness of an old soldier. It was Sophia who lived in the house at Moscow where the mines were laid. She talked good-naturedly with the neighbors while eight conspirators dug underneath; she cooked for them, and during the meals amused them with jest and song. On the table there stood a flask of nitro-glycerine, and in her pocket she always carried a revolver. In case of being surprised by the police she was empowered to fire into the flask and thus blow up the house. She lay in wait when the imperial train approached and gave the signal for the explosion. Smiling, she also stood on the 13th of March, 1881, on the Catherine canal. Sometimes she would wave a handkerchief, as if to greet an acquaintance, in order to inform her confederates of the approach of the imperial carriage. Suddenly she raised the handkerchief and waved it over her head; at the same moment Rysakoff threw his bomb. It would have been easy for her to escape after the assassination, but anxiety for the fate of her lover, Zheliaboff, kept her in St. Petersburg, and eight days afterward she was arrested. She died with Zheliaboff.

The sting of a bee is only one-thirty-second of an inch long. It is your imagination that makes it seem as long as a hoe handle.—*Free Press.*

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Well-informed political economists estimate that the United States lost upward of $500,000,000 by reason of the ill-fortune of agriculture last year. Even our statesmen will soon recognize the fact that agriculture forms an important spoke in the national wheel of progress.

The rate at which railroad building is progressing throughout the world is indicated by the reported issues of new capital in Europe. An excellent authority states that out of a total new investment of $317,972,000 during the first half of 1882, $147,190,500 were for railroads. Of this vast sum France received $44,118,500, Great Britain $39,038,000, America, including Canada and Mexico, $38,035,000, Germany $10,701,000, and Holland $8,872,400, leaving only $16,000,000 for all the rest of Europe.

A remarkable sandstorm, accompanied by an intensely cold temperature, is mentioned in Icelandic journals as having raged on that island for two weeks during the past spring. The air was filled with dry, fine sand to such a degree that it was impossible to see for more than a short distance, and the sun was rarely visible, though the sky was clear of clouds. Nobody ventured out of his house except upon matters of most urgent necessity, and many who were exposed to the storm were frozen. The sand penetrated into the houses through the minutest crevices. It was found mixed with articles of food and drink, and every breath drew it into the lungs. Thousands of sheep and horses died.

On one of the ranches of Nevada the Widow Loveless carries on the business of raising hay and cattle, and asks no favors of any man, except to be excused from paying a poll tax. The assessor declares that he would be happy to accommodate her, but that if she will insist on wearing trousers she must pay up like a man. The widow's name perfectly describes the condition of her heart since her scapegrace of a husband deserted her a year and a half ago, taking with him several of her best horses. She rides and throws the lasso as skillfully as any herdsman of the plains, and as she sweeps past there is nothing to denote her sex except her auburn hair which waves about her shoulders.

Mr. McCullough, a well-known Western journalist, has been looking over Utah. He thinks polygamy is dying out. He thinks, too, that the multitudinosity of woman attachments carries with it its own punishment, citing this instance: "My friend tells me," said "Mack," politely, to an abundantly woman-equipped Mormon, "that you are numerously sealed." He replied that he had five wives. Pretty soon one of the five came along and joined her quintuple husband on the street. "I simply inquired of the friend who had introduced me if the other four were like unto this. He said they were. Then, said I, nature furnishes its own punishment for polygamy, and Congress ought not to interfere."

Fish culture in New York State, it would seem, has been munificently rewarded. The trout-fishermen report that the fishing has been excellent in the restocked streams this spring. California trout were distributed for three seasons, but not until 1881 were the fish commissioners able to distribute them in quantities large enough to make their presence felt. Twelve years ago the shad had been so nearly driven out of the Hudson that the fishermen abandoned the shad-fisheries of the river. The present year, owing to the work of the New York fish commission, shad were more plentiful than ever before. Within a distance of six miles, according to Seth Green, 30,830 full-grown shad were taken. Mr. Green states the work done by the New York State fish commission under his supervision amounts to the following: Shad hatched from 1870 to 1881, 53,609,000; salmon-trout from 1870 to 1881, 10,980,000; whitefish from 1870 to 1881, 2,438,000; brook-trout from 1876 to 1881, 5,375,000; California trout from 1879 to 1881, 1,288,700; California salmon from 1873 to 1879, 678,000; mature bass from 1871 to 1880, 32,849; mature yellow pike from 1871 to 1880, ,882; mature bull-heads from 1871 to 1880, 5,750; mature yellow perch from 1871 to 1880, 2,331. There have also been distributed at different times 93,000 eels, 900,000 frost-fish, 780,000 fresh-water shrimps, 155,000 sturgeons, 610 scarps and 18,000 crawfish.

The earthquake shock at the city of Mexico in the middle of July was an extraordinarily lively one. According to a correspondent the walls of several houses fell, a great many edifices were badly cracked and the churches suffered. At least eighty per cent. of the buildings in the city were more or less injured. The water in the fountains and the lake overflowed. The pipes were broken and there was a great scarcity of water. In the main square, two very large lamps fell and were broken to pieces. Two men were killed by falling from a scaffolding. People rushed out of their houses and kneeling down in the middle of the street, raised their hands to Heaven and prayed aloud. Some sang litanies and others confessed their sins for the benefit of all who could hear them. Children ran out of the schools crying and wringing their hands. The balconies of the houses were full of ladies sobbing and praying fervently. Horses and mules, whether alone or attached to vehicles, suddenly stopped, stretching out their fore feet and refusing to proceed. Husbands and wives, mothers and their children bade each other an eternal farewell. Those who a few minutes before professed a deep hatred for each other now fell weeping into their greatest enemy's arms. But this feeling did not last very long, for the next day eight or ten robbers broke into a tax-collector's house, stabbed the collector, ill-treated his wife and carried off $4,000.

There is general admiration the world over for the patience, cheerfulness and independence with which the people of Iceland confront the difficult problem of life in their bleak and barren country. Their existence is at least a struggle, but they are now threatened with actual famine. In a letter to the London *News* Mr. William Morris calls attention to a report which the governor has just laid before the ministry at Copenhagen. The following are the main facts of the situation: The unexampled cold winter of 1880-'81 was followed by a cold summer, the hay crop was a failure, and, in consequence, an unusual number of sheep and many cows were of necessity slaughtered in the fall. The last week was so stormy that sheep and horses could not safely be turned out to graze, and many of them died. Excessive ice made the present summer a very late one; last year's failure of hay and stock made the people too poor to buy imported fodder, and, as a result, thousands of live stock have died; the lambing has failed; the milk of both ewes and cows is very scarce; the usual autumn trade in sheep and tallow, upon which great dependence is placed, will fail; a hurricane last April overwhelmed with sand-drifts many farms in the neighborhood of Hecla; and lastly, the measles, which has not visited Iceland for thirty-six years, and which, when falling on a people not used to it, is a deadly and not a trivial disease, is spreading over the country. If any Americans desire to aid this unfortunate people they can send subscriptions to Messrs. Mortlock & Co., University bankers, Cambridge, England.

Garibaldi's Character.

The battle of the Volturno, the flight of the king and the siege of Capua followed in rapid succession. During the whole of that stirring time I was at Naples. I saw the dictator of the Two Sicilies at the summit of his power and popularity, and I saw how he used both. It was commonly said that for a fortnight after he entered Naples no crimes were committed. I stayed long enough to see the place become a sink of iniquity once more. After the battle of the Volturno there was little to do except to get into mischief, and plenty of mischief there was—duels, assassinations, gambling and worse. But what a spell seemed to fall upon the city whenever Garibaldi was in it! The nights were as a rule noisy and uproarious. One night he sent out word that he could not sleep, and you might have heard a pin drop on the pavement all through that night.

The women brought him their children to bless, he stroked their heads—he rebuked their superstition—but he could never say an unkind word to them. His care for the wounded was unwearied. He went daily through the military hospitals at Caserta. The doctors said his visits did more for the men than all the physic. They declared his touch and very look were full of healing; the dying heads were lifted to see him pass, and wounded men leaped from their couches to seize his hand.

He was just the same on the battle-field—he always went over it himself to be sure that all the living had been taken up and all the wounded cared for. This is how he won the great and simple love of his soldiers. His own soul was great and simple.

I remember his life at Naples—the talk of the town. He would live in no palace—he would not even be called your excellency, although supreme ruler of both Sicilies. He was lodged up in a little attic at the top of the Toledo. He said he liked to be high up to breathe the air.

At Palermo the costliest wines and viands were prepared for him—he lived on beans, potatoes and the common wine of the country; he spent on an average eight francs a day, and never had anything in his pocket; any one who asked him for money got it. He had a simple method. He borrowed of whoever happened to be near him, and gave it away. The people whom he borrowed from generally got paid; but he never spent anything upon, or asked anything for, himself. One week he was the irresponsible controller of millions, and the next week he set sail for Caprera with half a sack of potatoes—his only wealth!—*Rev. R. R. Haweis, in Good Words.*

Why Egyptians Lack Patriotism.

During my visit to Egypt—some seven or eight years ago—there was certainly no national feeling among the Egyptians. Neither they nor their ancestors for nearly two thousand years had known native rulers. During all these long centuries they had been the spoil of Roman, Arab, Turk and Mameluke in turn; from none, since the Roman time, had they received protection of life and property or any national benefits, and it was impossible that patriotism should exist among them, for there is no patriotism save in a country worth loving. The conduct of the Egyptian troops in the late Russian war is a proof of this. The few battalions I saw in Egypt were fine-looking troops—well armed, instructed and equipped, with intelligent faces and excellent physique; yet they proved utterly worthless, as it seems to me, because they were destitute of that pride which is inspired by patriotism; for them their flag had no meaning, its honor was no concern of theirs. Their conduct in Abyssinia and the Soudan was similar, and no doubt from the same cause. How can valor and patriotism be expected from men whose only knowledge of their government is that derived from the tax-gatherer, the bastinado and forced labor? The achievements of that great soldier, Ibrahim Pasha, are not in contradiction with this conclusion, because few of his troops were Fellaheen. His conquering armies were mainly composed of Arabs, Syrians, Nubians, Arnauts—in fact, of fighting men from all the neighboring parts of the East, who were reduced to discipline by his stern will and guided to victory by his great military genius.—*General George B. McClellan, in the Century.*

The Cravat.

An English trade journal gives this account of the early days of the cravat: In 1636 a foreign regiment arrived in Paris, in the dress of which one characteristic was much admired by the people—a neck-wrapper or scarf of muslin or silk for the officers, or common stuff for the men, alike tied in a bow with pendant ends, and used by them, it is said, to support an amulet worn as a charm against sword cuts. Parisians speedily adopted the novelty, styling them first Croats, from the nationality of the regiment, and afterward cravats. The rich then used embroidered and richly-laced cravats, such as we find shortly after used by Charles II., who is charged £20 12s. in the last year of his reign for "a new cravat to be worn on the birthday of his dear brother." James II. paid £36 10s. for a cravat of Venice lace to wear on the day of his coronation. Toward the end of the last century the cravat was revived, and worn of such extravagant size that whole pieces were sometimes used, and even shoulder cushions, over which folds of stuff were draped so that it was as impossible for a man to turn his head without wheeling bodily round as for an early coach to turn within its own length.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The original land league—Three miles.

If it wasn't for the belles a good many people would miss being church members.

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man; when you get it red-hot it loses its temper.

"Life is a riddle," says a Western exchange. Yes; lots of people give it up every day.

"Misery may like company," says a colored philosopher; "but I'd rader hab de rhumatiz in one leg den ter hab it in bofe."

It is curious that the pig must be killed before he can be cured. A yacht can stand on a tack without saying naughty words.

"Don't put in no muskeeter nettin' for me," said Aunt Hannah. "I don't want to breathe no strained air."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Amateur Gardener" wants to know the easiest way to make a hothouse. Leave a box of parlor matches where the baby can play with them.

At a recent parade in Cheyenne one of the papers remarked that the mayor was in charge of the police. What misdemeanor was he guilty of?

Bashful lovers must have a streak of spiritualism in their composition, as they always turn down the light when there are to be any manifestations.

"Don't you think it is about time that I exhibited something?" asked an ambitious artist of a critic. "Yes; a little talent, for instance," was the ready retort.

A Philadelphia mule has killed a mad dog, but it is still a matter of doubt whether a mule or a mad dog is the safest thing to have around.—*Lowell Citizen.*

You can buy a real Mexican manila hammock for $1.75. And then you can fall out of it and drive your backbone up clear through your chin for nothing.—*New Haven Register.*

"I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Tidnice, "I never saw a gal like our Sary Jane. I worked eenamost two hull days on her new bathin' dress, and don't you think she got it wringin' wet the fust time she put it on!"

"Does your wife take much exercise?" asked Fenderson of Fogg, whose family is at the seaside. "Exercise!" exclaimed Fogg; "I should say so. She changes her dress six times every day."—*Boston Transcript.*

Yes, I went to church one day
With some money—by the way,
I'd been saving from my pay
For some socks;
But she sat across the aisle,
And she sunned me with a smile!
So I placed my little pile
In the box.

—*Hawkeye.*

We have often read remarkable stories of motherless squirrels and rats being raised by female cats, but in Tarrant county, Texas, an eagle raised a young pig which weighed forty pounds. The eagle's wings measured nearly eight feet from tip to tip.—*Siftings.*

"I want a good match safe," the customer said. And the boy promptly dipped a box of matches into the water pail and handed them out. "There," he said, "You can't buy 'em any safer'n that in all America. Wouldn't burn if you stuck 'em in the stove."—*Hawkeye.*

Ambidextrous Men.

One of the New York papers not long ago had an article on right and left-handed people, or ambidexters, in which several remarkable instances of persons possessing this faculty were given. Strange to say, however, no mention was made of Ben Lusby or George Tiffany. Lusby is famous the country over, and is known as the lightning ticket-seller. He traveled for many years with the largest circuses, and received almost fabulous pay, being as great a curiosity as anything to be see in the tents. He used both hands in selling tickets, taking in money, handing out tickets and making change more rapidly with each than an ordinary ticket seller could with both. It was no unusual thing to see him select six or eight full-price and children's tickets, receive a $10 or $20 bill and pick out and return the change with one hand, while he was selling one or two tickets at a time and making change at the same time with the other hand.

George Tiffany, who had always had a large acquaintance with theatrical and show people, and who was a friend of Lusby, possessed the same faculty to a considerable extent, and on several occasions gave exhibitions to his friends of his ability to imitate Lusby, having probably practiced under his direction. He was scarcely a fourth as rapid as Lusby, but was acknowledged "in the profession" to be, with the exception of Lusby, the ony two-handed ticket-seller in the world.

Instances of people who write and make figures with both hands are by no means rare. In the old St. Louis *Democrat* office, before the partnership was dissolved, two accountants were employed who, in posting the books, generally made figures with one hand and posted the items with the right. A bookkeeper in one and a cashier in another large wholesale house in St. Louis now work in the same way, and a reporter on a morning paper writes with either hand, and it is impossible to distinguish any difference in the formation of the letters.

A more remarkable instance of dual faculties than any mentioned is that of a gentleman well known in St. Louis, Mr. E. C. Lackland. Mr. Lackland was for some time treasurer of the Fair association, and excited no little attention and remark among those who saw him using alternately either hand in writing letters or messages. The on-lookers were, however, still more astonished to see him when in a hurry grasp a pen or pencil and write rapidly with both hands, and would have been yet more amazed had they known that the messages he was at work on at the same time were addressed to different people and entirely different in character. When not busy enough to employ both hands, he generally uses the left, but the character of the chirography is the same, and it is doubtful if he himself knows the difference. He does not seem to consider himself possessed of an unusual gift or talent, and would, no doubt, have been much amused had he heard the remark made by an acquaintance, who, after seeing him write two letters at once, confidentially informed a friend that he must have his brains parted in the middle or be possessed of two sets. The science of medicine teaches that unusual mental strain or activity correspondingly depresses the system physically, but the rule evidently does not apply to Mr. Lackland.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

What Colors to Wear.

Most women look well in plain black, relieved by a dash of color here and there. To the fair-skinned European races, indeed, black and white dress is naturally becoming, for the delicate tones of the skin form a middle tint between the two. On the other hand, if we come upon a negro dressed in black, the features and the pupils of the eyes, which we wish particularly to see, have vanished; we cannot get rid of the whites of the eyes, which are forced into startling and unpleasant forwardness, and which, under a normal state of circumstances, are intended only to enhance the dark pupil and iris. A light dress, which brings out the dark features and tones down the white of the eye, is the proper wear for dark races. In fair races the rule—with individual exceptions, of course—is that the dark eye harmonizes the fair skin with the dark dress, or is a telling point of color when a light dress is worn. To my mind people of beautiful coloring look best attired with equal attention to the tinting and the light and shade of the complexion; but the effect can never be complete without the mediation of some neutral color—white is the best—between the face and hands and the dress. The white may be slightly toned, like old lace. We want the suggestion of clean linen, as well as the actual color of the white. A pale dress generally needs the accentuation of a darker color.

Patch Work.

Annie Wakeman writes from New York to the Chicago *Morning Journal*:

Old-fashioned industries are coming into vogue. The latest is the patch-work mania. One day last week I took a flying trip to Fort Lee. Seated on the broad piazza of its fine hotel, and listening to the afternoon concert by the band, I amused myself by studying the people seated about me, most of them regular boarders at the hotel, who were plying their fingers over various kinds of fancy work. There is always one kind which is the rage for the summer. Last summer the preference was given to serpentine braid "ric-rac" work, consequently every other woman you met had her muslin gown elaborately decorated with this showy trimming. This year the rage is for the "Oscar crazy quilt." On a piece of cambric half a yard square there is basted in the center a sunflower made of either yellow broadcloth, silk or velvet, or a lily, a daisy, or pansy of one of the same materials. The square is then filled in with bits of silk and velvet of all colors, arranged helter skelter, a sort of artistic confusion of colors. The bits are of irregular pattern, just as your friends give them to you—squares, triangles, circles, jags and tags. After basting these on the edges are neatly turned in, and the piece is sewed down firmly with a chain stitch of old gold, alternating with cardinal sewing silk. When the cambric squares are completely filled out, and enough of them have been made for a bedquilt or sofa comforter, they are joined together with narrow black velvet ribbon, which is ornamented with chain and herring-bone stitches in shaded silk floss, to suit the artistic taste of the worker. The sunflower gives the name of "Oscar," and heaven knows the patches are "crazy" enough in shape. Such is fame. Oscar Wilde is immortalized himself in silk quilts, to be handed down to generations yet unborn as heirlooms of what "grandmamma did when she was a girl." Spirits of former grandmamas, how you must fume as you haunt the garrets where are ignominiously packed away your favorite calico quilts, the much-treasured "spider-web," "fox and geese," and "log-cabin" patterns! "What is this folly?" you ask in sepulchral tones; "the 'Oscar crazy' young women, you are all clean daft along with your trumpery quilts."

Never mind, this serves to revive the homely industry of quilt-making, and a prominent society lady tells me that one of the novelties next season here will be the sociable quilting-bee, in order to quilt and silk-line the summer-work of Dame Fashion's daughters.

Fashion Notes.

Handsome Spanish lace in either black or white is now used over silk surah for evening jackets.

Matted jewelry which has only been considered appropriate for morning, is now being used with all styles of dress.

Ecru-colored silks, covered with shaded "begonia" leaves, and finished with Irish point, make showy and stylish costumes.

White and black satine piping, braided in floral designs and deep, pointed edges, is sometimes used for the heading of fringes.

The "Gros de Londres" is a silk, ribbed like a "rep," very rich and rare; particularly preferred by the "bon-ton" fashion-seekers.

Instead of the combinations of two or three fabrics, it is announced that a single fabric for the entire dress will be the prevalent autumn fashion.

The most expensive of the floral satines are found in pale-tinted and black ground, profuse with sprays of fuchsia, chrysanthemums, roses, lilies of the valley, etc.

Plain basques are losing favor, for we now see the rich corsage made with a plastron of velvet, or, if lighter goods be preferred, it is shirred to please the fancy.

Large single flowers are in favor on satines, foulards and surahs, and their size is so great that only one blossom can be seen on a sleeve and five on the back of a dress corsage.

Red is the favorite color at present for children's frocks. It rivals the white dresses formerly used for little girls, and appears in some guise in almost every toilet of the season.

Ivory white is in such great vogue that satin dresses of this shade are no longer confined to full dress entertainments, but are imported for visiting costumes. The garniture is lace and natural flowers.

Green and cobalt-blue redingotes of cloth, with velvet collar and cuffs, are sent over from Paris to ladies at Newport, where they are worn over dresses of satine muslin or foulard.

Shoes that are laced in front and tipped with patent leather are in great favor. Low shoes are entirely of patent leather and are worn with black hoisery. Slippers of kid are cut low on the toes and are without ornament. Canvas shoes are worn in the country for long walks and mountain climbing. Pointed toes and high heels meet with the protest of all good shoemakers, as they are of permanent injury to the feet.

A Type of Indian Territory Indians.

I trotted my pony along pretty briskly, and in a half hour's ride overtook an Indian riding slowly along on a mustang. I hailed him. He was a friendly one. All Indians in the Territory are friendly. They are warm friends if you have a bottle of whisky and a little money, and will never leave you till the money and whisky are gone. I found that he was going to the "Big Spring," as he called it, or Baxter Springs, in the southeastern part of Kansas, the end of my journey. He said the reason I had seen no one was I had traveled between two ranges of settlements all the way. Had I gone ten miles to the north I would have struck one of them. But I was not sorry I had not. My companion could speak English very plainly, and was very dirty and lazy. He was a good type of the inhabitants of the Territory. He was clad in a gorgeous waistcoat of a Disraeli pattern, buttoned with brass army buttons, and had a blanket fastened at the hips and wrapped around his legs to the knees, while his feet were covered with moccasins. He said we were within two days' travel of the springs, and that about one hour before sunset we would strike off from the trail and seek shelter for the night among the Indian settlements. So we traveled along, he being very shy, I hardly knowing how to manage him, till I thought of the whisky bottle. I presented it to him. There was a change as if by magic. His tongue was loosened and there was no more silence. He told me Indian stories and I was regaled with Indian folk-lore.

He told me that nine-tenths of the people were against the opening of the Territory to settlement, but they did not feel safe against it on account of treaties so often broken. He said if it did happen there was no telling where it would end, for the people would surely rise against them, and they would not rise unarmed or unskilled in the use of arms. It was now near sunset, and according to his promise we branched off toward the settlement. In the day's ride there had been a great change in the country, for it assumed features more like those of the State of Missouri, but the climate was the same. It was the mixture of plain, woodland and bluff thrown together in wonderful confusion. Now and then an Indian cabin would peer out between the trees, and often there would be quite a well-kept farm, but it was Indian farming after all. At sunset we reached the top of a bluff overlooking a pretty little stream that rippled along toward the south, and, winding down the bluff into the valley below, we reached the settlement, where we were to stop for the night.—*Correspondence of Boston Advertiser.*

The Vibration of Buildings.

Few persons who have not looked into the matter have any idea of the trouble which the managers of large manufacturing establishments often have in preventing vibration of the buildings in which their work is carried on. This is not due to faulty construction; indeed, vibration is found usually in mills which are admirably built. In all cases it is what is termed synchronous, that is to say, it is occasioned and maintained by the vibration of some other object, which strikes what may be termed the key or note of the building. Just as the wire of a piano will respond to a proper vibratory force, so a bridge or a building will vibrate when its key-note is struck with sufficient force by some other object. If the human ear had a greater range of power the sound made by this vibration might be detected. It is not now heard simply because it does not come within the limits of what are to human beings audible sounds. In a recently published work on mill construction by Mr. C. J. H. Woodbury, a number of interesting instances of this synchronous vibration are given. At one of the print works at North Adams, Mass., a new and unoccupied building was found to vibrate in consequence of the puffing of a small steam engine sixty feet away. At Centredale, R. I., it has been necessary to change the height of the column of water flowing over the dam to prevent the excessive vibration of the adjacent mill. At Amesbury, Mass., out of eleven mills that are near the river two vibrate when water in certain quantities flows over the dam, but the tremor can be wholly stopped by changing the flow of water. The most frequent cause of vibration is due to the running of the machinery, and it has repeatedly happened that a complete cessation has been obtained by increasing or lessening the speed at which the machinery is run. This is not always profitable or possible, and the fact that this vibration results in a loss of power, variously estimated at from ten to twenty per cent., is a strong argument in favor of the construction of one-story mills, which would necessarily vibrate much less than factories having a height of six or eight stories. But it is not alone the loss of power that has to be considered, for in addition there is the straining of building and machinery, and in the manufacture of textile fabrics this unsteadiness causes a great breakage in the threads and a consequent damage to the material.

WISE WORDS.

The throne of another is not stable for thee.

The reward of doing one duty is the power to perform another.

Every one is as God made him, and sometimes a great deal worse!

The history of the world is nothing but a procession of clothed ideas.

Every one has his faults, but we do not see the wallet on our own backs.

In conversation, humor is more than wit, easiness more than knowledge.

Truth, like the sun, submits to be obscured, but, like the sun, only for a time.

What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others.

Do not speak disrespectfully of personal appearance when any one present may have the same defects.

It is man the conqueror, not Time who works so much destruction on the monuments and works of art.

What wits we should be if we only uttered the bright things we think of when the occasion has passed.

No one is obliged to think beyond his lights, and we never leave a good sense behind till we wish to get beyond it.

When you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity, unless you have denied yourself something, so that you could bestow the gift.

The Beautiful Ruins of Tanis.

M. Edouard Naville has lately returned from a short tour of exploration in the Eastern Delta, where he visited the ruins of Tanis.

The ruins lie high above the marshy plain, upon a kind of plateau surrounded by an amphitheatre of low hills. These hills are the rubbish mounds of the old crude brick city, surrounding the great wall within which lay the temples and palaces of Tanis. M. Faville found himself standing in the midst of a vast waste strewn and piled with columns, architraves, obelisks, statues and enormous blocks of hewn stone, all shattered, overturned, and showing marks of willful destruction. Traces of the tools with which the ruin was done are visible on almost every stone. In one superb colossus, which has resisted the hand of the destroyer, M. Naville found wedged holes into which wood blocks had been inserted for the purpose of splitting the granite. He inclines to think that this was the result of war and not of iconoclasm. The temple was probably occupied as a fortress in Roman times or during the middle ages, and both besieged and besiegers may have used its materials for offensive and defensive purposes.

The principal temple was built entirely of red granite brought from the quarries of Assouan, on the Nubian frontier. The difficulty of transporting these enormous blocks is quite incalculable. Fourteen obelisks, described by M. Naville as the largest in Egypt, strew the mounds with their gigantic fragments. All these and nearly all the statues and sphynxes, which appear to have lined the avenues to the principal temple, were erected by Rameses II. Not only do their inscriptions celebrate the glory of this great Pharaoh, but even the bases of these overturned monuments which rested on the ground, and were intended never to be seen by human eyes, were engraved with his well-known cartouches. Many of the colossi still retain their traces of color.

M. Naville is of opinion that there is a great work to be done at Tanis in the way of excavation. The little, comparatively speaking, which has yet been accomplished there was by Mariette Pasha; but his discoveries were limited by want of time, health and funds, and much that he uncovered is again buried.

"In severe grandeur and solemnity these ruins," says M. Naville, "surpass even those of Karnak. Herodotus, who had never seen Tanis, expatiated at much length on the beauty of Bubastis. To judge by what is left of the one end of the other, Tanis must have greatly surprised its rival. Supposing that some part at least was left standing—that all was not, as it now is, overthrown and shattered—I have no hesitation in saying that Tanis would have been the most beautiful ruin in Egypt."

Though exempt, by reason of its inaccessibility, from the depredations of tourists, Tanis is suffering from the fatal effects of an atmosphere laden with saline exberations. M. Naville reports that the surface of these granite monuments are rapidly decaying.—*London Atheneum.*

Curiosities of Gold Mining.

Two methods are employed in mining for gold—one known as quartz mining and the other as surface or gravel mining. Many difficulties stand in the way of obtaining the golden grains, and much ingenuity has been exercised in devising ways to secure the precious metal. In gravel mining the great difficulty frequently lies in obtaining sufficient water by the aid of which to separate and redeem the glittering particles from the earth. Frequently, for want of sufficient water, mines rich in gold cannot be made to pay more than small returns. In such cases the problem always is, how can an adequate supply of water be obtained? As an example of how important the procurement of water is in the case of gravel mines, we append an article from the Trinity (Cal.) *Journal* concerning the enterprise exhibited by Dr. A. H. Hayes, of Boston, Mass., a gentleman engaged in mining operations in that region. Says the *Journal*: Dr. Hayes purchased the McKinney and Keno mines on Trinity, opposite Junction City, about two years ago. The yield of these mines, prior to the purchase, and the large return for the small amount of work done since the doctor took possession, proves them to be among the very richest auriferous gravel deposits on the coast. However, the richest of gravel cannot be got out of the way and made to pay its best without an ample water supply, and herein the mines named were deficient. Recognizing this fact, Dr. Hayes made arrangements for the purchase of a large water right from Cannon creek and is at present engaged in the construction of a ditch which, when completed, will carry the water to a high point near Junction City, at the mouth of Cannon creek, from where it will be crossed in iron pipe to the McKinney and Keno mines.

Governor Tabor and the Parrot.

M. B. Curtis and his wife have a pet parrot which is their constant traveling companion, and which speaks the king's English with amazing fluency. The loquacious bird caused quite a panic at the Windsor hotel last night. The Curtis family occupy rooms directly adjoining Governor Tabor's apartments at the hotel, and last evening, as the governor was entering his apartments, he heard what he thought was a female voice, saying, "Hello, baby." The governor was a trifle startled. He is a very gallant man, but he could not for the life of him imagine what he had ever done to warrant any female in addressing him so familiarly. The salutation appeared to be intended for him, and came from the transom over the door of the room directly across the hall. The governor was nonplussed. "Hello! baby, pretty baby," said the voice again, and the governor blushed as he stroked his fierce moustache, and tried to brace up and look dignified. "Won't you come and kiss your baby?" called the voice again, in a deliciously seductive sort of a way. Now, the governor seldom takes a dare of any kind. To do him justice, he is a brave man, and at this particular moment he felt big enough to tackle an army. He crept softly over to the door and asked: "Are you talking to me?" "Nice baby," said the voice; but no sooner had the voice spoken than another voice from inside the room—a big, burly man's voice—called out: "Go away from that door and let the parrot go to sleep!" It was Mr. Curtis who spoke.—*Denver (Col.) Tribune.*

Running short of bait one day, says a writer in *Scientific American*, I caught several large toads and tied them together by their hind legs. On nearing the water a snake started to cross the stream; having nothing else to throw at it, I gave the toad a toss in front, hoping to change its course; the snake seized quickly on the struggling mass. Toads exhibit great fear of snakes; it will afford considerable amusement to take a toy or ruffed snake skin and trail it toward one; it will make a strange cry, at the same time making vigorous jumps to escape. Frogs act in the same way, though they are not so readily captured.

The Centre Reporter.

FRED KURTZ ....EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Sept, 7, 1882

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ROBERT E. PATTISON, of Philad.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
CHAUNCY F. BLACK, of York.
FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
SILAS M. CLARK, of Indiana county.
FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.
FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE.
MORTIMER F. ELLIOT, of Tioga.

Democratic County Ticket.

REPRESENTATIVES,
HENRY MEYER,
BENJAMIN F. HUNTER.
JURY COMMISSIONER,
J. H. TOLBERT.
CORONER.
DR. H. K. HOY.

IMPORTANT TO VOTERS.

Last day for being assessed and registered—Thursday, Sep. 7th.

Last day for paying taxes—Saturday, October 7th.

Last day for being naturalized—Saturday, October 7th.

Voters should attend to these important matters or it may cause great trouble.

* * *

The democrats of Union nominated the following by acclamation: Congress—A. H. Dill; Assembly—S. H. Himmelreich; Sheriff—C. A. Eaton; District Attorney—H. H. Mercer; Jury Commissioner—Christian Dauberman.

* * *

Maine can not boast that his prohibition laws are a grand success altho' enacted over thirty years ago. In one of her largest towns, last week, in an attempt to enforce the law against beer, a large riot was the result. Then we see from an exchange that in Stockton, Waldo county, a villiage having a population of 1,545 sixty-seven persons were jailed for drunkness last year. As Stockton casts 319 votes, these figures indicate that twenty-two per cent. of its voters are drunkards—which is really a very flattering proportion, considering that Maine is a no-liquor State.

* * *

The subject of shipping dressed meat from Chicago to Eastern cities has been brought into notice through the action taken by the Baltimore butchers to devise means of protection against the loss of their trade through the large introduction into that city of Chicago-killed beef, transported in refrigerator cars and sold there much cheaper than home killed meat. Inquiry was made among the leading shippers of Chicago in reference to this comparatively new branch of trade and its effect upon the price of beef in Eastern cities. It was found that the shipping of beef by the carcass was confined to about three firms, and that together they were shipping to the Eastern cities not less than about forty carloads a day, or about 1,500 dressed cattle. They were all shipped in refrigerator cars—some by express and others by freight—and the meat was being dellivered as fresh and sweet as it was when it came from the slaughter-house. It was found also that the trade was rapidly growing, and the consequence was that the shipping of live cattle and cut meats was falling off accordingly, and the indications were that at some not far distant day all the meat supplied by the West to the Eastern cities would be killed and dressed in Chicago. The principal advantage of shipping the meat dressed over the old custom of shipping it on the hoof, is saving in freight.

* * *

We are told that one of the defaulting collectors of Benner township is under arrest for his crime. We are also informed that efforts are being made by bondsmen of defaulting collectors to be released, under some old law. If there is release for one, then let there be release for all. It would be unjust to let some go and hold others. Although we have been "socked," we doubt whether there is any old law to fall back upon, and we counsel the commissioners to look well to the county's interests and see that defalcation is not put under premium. The commissioners will have the thanks of tax payers for rigorous action, as it will have a tendency to put a check upon squandering the public funds by collectors and the consequent suffering of innocent bondsmen. There has been too much looseness and leniency in this regard, and the board of commissioners will deserve and receive credit for any reform they may cause in the matter. But let none escape. These have all along been our sentiments altho' it puts us among the sufferers. It is hard enough for people to pay the taxes, but when they are paid and then see them squandered by persons entrusted with their collection outrage is added to oppression.

We but express the sentiment of the people when we say to the Commissioners: Go ahead and inaugurate reform without fear or favor.

* * *

COOPER HUBBELLING THE LADIES.

Hubbell, of the congressional committee, having assessed all the men, women and children in government employ, officers and day laborers, 2 per cent. on wages for a corruption fund to carry the congressional elections, now Cooper, chairman of the Beaver state committee, also comes in with an assessment to help Beaver and the boss campaign in Pennsylvania.

The male and female employes in the departments at Washington, who claim Pennsylvania as their legal residence, received a circular from Chairman Cooper imposing an $18 tax for the Beaver Campaign Fund. This document, dated at the "Headquarters Pennsylvania State Committee, St. Cloud Hotel," and headed by the name of Cooper and his Secretaries, reads as follows:

"To Miss ——: The Republican State Committee desirous to make complete preparations for what must prove a great battle with the Democratic party, It must prepare, print and circulate suitable documents touching the issues involved and to do all things for a success which may be legitimately done. The struggle involves not only the administrative and Legislative control of the State, but that representation in Congress which will determine its political standing. In such a battle we believe that you will esteem it both a privielge and a pleasure to make to its fund a contribution, which, it is hoped, may not be less than $18. The committee is authorized to state that such voluntary contribution from persons employed in the service of the State or of the United States will not be objected to in any official quarter. Please make prompt and favorable response by bank check or draft, or postal money order, payable to the order of the Chairman of the Republican State Committee. Direct as indicated in the heading of this letter.

"THOMAS V. COOPER, Chairman."

LOOK OUT FOR PICKPOCKETS!

Facts for Voters.

Since General Beaver will not—dare not—take up and discuss the planks in the platform of the convention that placed him in nomination, because one plank favors civil service reform, another denounces political assessments, and another reads in favor of economy—all of which are abuses which his own bosses are guilty of, hence he dare not discuss them—the REPORTER will give the voters a few plain items from the record to prove how much less it costs to carry on our government when in democratic hands than under republican rule.

In the years 1879-80 81 the democrats were in ascendency and their average appropriations were $179,000,000 to carry on the national government. The congress which has just adjourned was republican and has votod $294,293,097 for the same purposes!

What say you tax-payers to this outrageous increase? These republicans in congress only laughed at the democratic members when they suggested economy—how do you voters feel about it? It is the most damnable extravagance yet purpetrated. It comes nigh being two times the amount appropriated by democratic congresses!

Why thus? we answer, it goes for thieves like the star-routers, new court-house and custom-house jobs, and jobs of a hundred other names that are a legalized robbery of hundreds of millions that you readers pay as taxes.

That this kind of robbery may continue, the congressional committee have assessed every one employed under the government 2 per cent. to raise a fund for carrying the elections.

Now we will take the reader of the REPORTER a little nearer home, to our own state. During the last three years of Democratic administration, 1858-59-60, when Packer was governor, the total expenses were $1,209,849,17—as cost per capita of 42 cents.

During the three years of Curtin's administration when we had extraordinary war expenses and all else was enormously high in price, 1864 65-66, the expenses were $188,157.69, or 59 cents per capita.

Under Gov. Geary's first three years, and several years after peace, 1866-68-69, the expenditures ran up to $2,453,148 64, or 72 cents per capita.

The second term of republican governor Geary, 1870-71-72, were still worse; we find the expenditures $2,808,305.07, or 78 cents per capita.

The republican administration of Hartranft follows and is still worse; it expended, 1873-74-75, $3,279,215.27, or 87 cents per capita.

The above furnishes a true and fair sample of the difference it makes in expenditures in the national and state governments, between democratic and republican rule; economy being found entirely with the democrats and extragance with the republicans, and this difference running into hundreds of millions, as the official reports show, from which we have gathered them for the information of honest voters.

Now let us go to the home of Pattison, Philadelphia, plundered for thirty years by republican rings and as all know, taxed to death under boss rule. We wish to show the good effect of Pattison's work there, and that democratic rule has proven beneficial to that great city.

Pattison as controller has power over the expenditures, and an honest man in that place, as Pattison has proven to be, can do much to stop fraud and stealing.

Under republican management Philadelphia's debt and tax-rate has been increased each year. In 1860 the debt was $21,326,759.86, this the republicans ran up to the enormous sum of $73,574,146.92 in 1877. The cost of the departments, in the same period kept creeping up from $2,682,548.13 in 1860 to 8 and 10 millions since. The tax-rate they ran up to 2.25.

In 1879 Mr. Pattison was elected controller, and on account of his good management, he has been continued in the position to this day, altho' the city is largely republican. Now from 1878 to 1882 Pattison has already reduced the debt from $73,615,351·79 to $68,629,403.72. What a handsome showing, and no wonder the tax-ridden citizens have re-elected Pattison. The tax-rate in the same time has been reduced from 2.25 to 1.90, and Pattison still keeps on in the good work.

Four millions saved per year, under Pattison, to the people of Philadelphia, is a big thing, and no such showing can be made for the Agricultural College under Beaver's management.

Now lets have Pattison's management introduced in Harrisburg. Let the political pick-pockets be put out, and Pattison put in. Clean out the Augean stables, and have our state expenditures reduced.

Let the cry be, Pattison and Reform, and no more pick pocket rule!

Voter, ponder over these facts, is our advice.

* * *

THE LIFE OF GENERAL BEAVER.

A stranger, in reading the life of Gen. Beaver, would think that he was the greatest military officer that this State sent to the war during the great rebellion. It is so highly colored, so offensively egotistical that the General would have done himself credit to have suppressed it, or at least stated that it was issued without his consent or approval. He is counted the central figure, the leading military character, Gen. Hancock, Gen. Reynolds, Geary, Heintzleman, and a score of others are mere cyphers compared with the Republican candidate for Governor. Such a work is hard to sell. The Harrisburg *Patriot* states that "one dollar was all that was asked for a copy of Beaver's life, substantially bound in cloth, a few weeks ago. Colporteurs were sent out to sell it to Stalwart admirers and Stalwart newspapers appealed to the public to buy it. But it was no go. A cheaper edition for twenty-five cents and no postage was published, but still the voters did not want it, and now the Stalwart State committee is offering it to all who may desire it without money and without price. Next week, it is said, a fine chromo will be presented to all who will take a copy of the book, and as the campaign progresses no doubt other and greater inducements will be offered. The trouble, however, lies in the subject and not in the style of the work or the manner in which it is presented to the public."

* * *

According to the London *Times* the English wheat crop of this season will fall below the average of the past five years, both in quantity and quality. This statement becomes still more significant in view of the fact that the yield of recent seasons has been inferior to that of former years. The number of acres planted in wheat was nearly a million less in 1881 than in 1874. The condition of the present crop must be discouraging to the English farmer, and the crop reports bad news to the English consumer. But let the latter have no fear of any famine in breadstuffs. The American yield this year will be unusually abundant. According to the latest report of the Department of Agriculture it will exceed five hundred million bushels, and some estimates put it nearly six hundred millions. Our producers will be glad to let England have all it wants, and also France, whose wheat crop is reported to be only a medium one.

* * *

WHAT THE GRAND OLD PARTY NEEDS.

New York *Herald*, Ind.: Recent reports from Washington seemed to indicate that Mr. Hubbell's assessments had been so successfully pushed that there was money enough on hand to take care of all the doubtful districts. But some new demand seems to have dropped upon the Republican Congressional Committee, for a new circular, headed with the names of Senators Allison, Hale and Aldrich, Representatives Hubbell, Hiscock, Robeson, McKinley, Davis, Fisher, Page, Calkins, Ryan, Washburn, Houk, Van Horn and Tubbs, and signed by Secretary D. B. Henderson, reads as follows:—

Washington, D. C., August 15, 1882.

SIR—Your failure to respond to the circular of May 15, 1882, sent to you by this committee, is noted with surprise. It is hoped that the only reason for such failure is that the matter escaped your attention owing to press of other cares.

Great political battles cannot be won in this way. This committee cannot hope to succeed in the pending struggle if those most directly benefitted by success are unwilling or neglect to aid in a substantial manner.

We are on the skirmish line of 1884, with a conflict before us, this fall, of great moment to the Republic, and you must know that a repulse now is full of danger to the next Presidential campaign.

Unless you think that our grand old party ought not to succeed, help it now in its struggle to build up a new South, in which there shall be, as in the North, a free ballot and a fair count, and to maintain such hold in the North as shall insure good government to the country.

It is hoped that by return mail you will send a voluntary contribution equal to two per cent. of your annual compensation, as a substantial proof of your earnest desire for the success of the Republican party this fall, transmitting by draft or postal money order, payable to the order of Jay A. Hubbell, Acting Treasurer, Post office lock box 589, Washington, D. C.

That settles it. The "grand old party" cannot win battles "in this way"—that is, without money. The idea that the grand old party does business exclusively on principle is too antiquated to be endurable. It is money that makes the party go, and as no one who is not interested in a job cares to contribute to the maintenance of a lot of other jobbers "this committee cannot hope to succeed if those most directly benefited by success are unwilling or neglect to aid in a substantial manner." It is pretty hard on a grand old party to get down to where it cannot live without robbing the families of underpaid office-holders; still, facts are facts, so Assessor Hubbell's committee says to each office-holder, "It is hoped that by return mail you will send a voluntary contribution equal to two per cent. of your annual compensation." What the grand old party needs and cannot do without is at least two dollars and a half from every office-holder.

But, as the Hubbell Committee has been saying that everybody had responded, to whom is the new circular being sent, unless to Miss (or Madame) Sallie Binns, the Philadelphia Post Office cat, who probably is still in a quandary as to how to meet the views of the grand old party without transmitting objectionable matter through the mails?

* * *

Thomas Smith, a prominent mulatto resident of New Orleans, who was buried a few days ago, had ten wives at one time. Nine of them survive him. Seven of his widows attended the funeral services and wept freely. Four of them rode to the cemetery, and after the interment returned to the late residence of the dead man, where, with the other widows, they engaged in a free fight about the property. The furniture was demolished and all the women more or less injured. Smith was married by a Baptist minister every time he chose a wife.

* * *

The last Republican Congress created fifteen hundred and ninety new offices. This is a big grist in the opposite direction of reform, and gives Beaver an excellent thread to harp on.

The people for years have clamored for the abolishing of offices and a saving of salaries. For bread they are given the roughest of stones; it is the kind of reform that will increase our taxes and squander the money among a useless horde of office holders.

* * *

A temperance lecture: At Niagara Falls on the night of August 30, James Crumley, a tinsmith, from Hamilton, and his wife while intoxicated, laid down on the bank of the river. The next morning the woman was found caught in a tree ten feet over the edge of the bank, and the man's mangled remains were found on the rocks 150 feet beneath.

* * *

The Republicans of Huntingdon will have two county conventions—Stalwart and Independent. The Independents are on top, having the regular organization, same as in Union county.

* * *

The Reading *News* editor thinks that the Republican bosses must have corns on their feet or they would not dance a French horn pipe so often when reference is made to the successful movement favoring a democratic victory in November, with Pattison's reform record as the basis of action. No man, be he boss or otherwise, likes to have his corns pinched. How they worry. When they read the reform record of Mr. Pattison they become almost as furious as a bull when a red flag is flaunted at him. They can't stand it. It would not be half so bad, did it not carry with it a stern rebuke, because after an unobstructed and unquestioned control of public administration for twenty years, they have not a single reform to present to the people.

* * *

The success of Robert E. Pattison, as practical reformer, is the shoe that pinches the feet of the Bosses. From the way it hurts them they must have corns. They did not enter the campaign provided with a defense against an assault of this kind. No man, be he boss or otherwise, likes to to have his corns pinched. How they worry over this line of Democratic attack. When they read the reform record of Mr. Pattison, they become almost as furious as a bull when a red flag is flaunted at him. They can't stand it. It would not be half so bad, did it not carry with it a stern rebuke. After an unobstructed, and almost unquestioned, control of public administration for twenty years, they have not a single reform to present to the people. It is too much to bear, when they realize that the great reformer of the day is a Democrat, and a young man at that. Let us look at his record; it is the nicest kind of reading for tax payers. Since Mr. Pattison has been in the Controller's office—and put there by the joint votes of Democrats and Republicans, mind that, ye bosses and political machinists—his efficient services have promoted the cause of municipal reform and effected:

* * *

GUITEAU'S SKELETON.

Washington, August 31, 1882.—Guiteau's skeleton is now at the National Army Medical Museum in this city, but will not be exhibited to the public. The final disposition of the bones of the assassin has not yet been determined upon and cannot be until Judge Hagner decides as to the validity of Guiteau's will, in which he bequeathed his body to Dr. Hicks. The experts who were engaged in the microscopical examination of Guiteau's brain have completed their work. It is understood that they already disagree in their conclusions respecting his sanity and that there will probably be two reports rendered.

There seems to be a certainty of Gov. Curtin's re-nomination for congress on 2nd, probably on the 1st ballot. The conference will meet shortly after the Clearfield Democratic county convention is held.

* * *

The British general in Egypt will not take his dinner at home in England on the 15th of September, as he telegraphed last week. This was as foolish as the boast the abolitionists made, that they would lick the South before breakfast.

* * *

Won't you vote for Beaver because he was a soldier? asks a Republican. No, is the reply. Beaver would not vote for Hancock, who was the nation's bravest soldier in two wars.

Will you vote for Beaver, asks a Republican, because he was in the army? Democratic reply: Will any one vote for Meyer because he was in the army?

This dries up the Republican.

* * *

It is not likely Gen. Beaver will get his full party vote in this county. We know of quite a number of Independents in this county; then there are some Republicans who will not vote for the General for other reasons. These losses he cannot near balance by votes from Democrats on personal friendship.

* * *

Notice to Beaver: There will be a band picnic at the cave, on 16. Don't miss it.

* * *

The time has come when the people must become boss-killers by the use of the ballot. The big and the little bosses must be put safely out of the way, and purity established in the administration of public affairs. Such a rule of waste and extravagance as the people have smarted under for the last two decades, should be endured no longer. The bosses nominated Beaver as the sweet plum to gull the people into another four years lease of power. Any one, tho' three-quarters blind, can see this.

Press Opinions.

The *Patriot*.—The free trade scare which the Camerons are attempting to get up will have its run through the organs which the bosses control, but it is useless to try to frighten voters with the same bugaboo every year. The Camerons are evidently running out of campaign material.

The Carbon *Democrat*:—The most stupendous folly in Pennsylvania politics in which workingmen can engage is the inaugurated strikes for better wages, every now and then lose three months in consequence and suffers want, then politically organize in the interest of labor and finally vote so as to perpetuate the Cameron boss power and the enormity of twenty-five per cent. tax on the food and clothing which every workingman must eat and wear! This is the way thousands of workingmen have done for years past—demanded just reward for their labor by striking and in the end using their own ballots to keep up the wholesale system of public plunder and having themselves taxed from twenty to fifty per cent. on the necessaries of life and consequently so much toll on their own earnings! Will they do it?

The Wm'sport *Banner*:—Every Christian minister in the State should discourage the men who use the pulpit as a political leaver to help secure the election of Gen. Beaver. If Robert G. Ingersoll was seeking a position and openly proclaiming his infidel sentiments there might be occasion to warn the people; but the case is different. Robert E. Pattison is as true a man as Gen. Beaver, and just as much entitled to the votes of Christian men. He will not, however, make such a plea. He relies upon his reputation and avowed political sentiments, and will not belittle himself by using such a method to secure an election.

The Doylestown *Democrat*, in commenting upon the fact that Beaver is the candidate of the machine managers, says: "Why do these men make Beaver their candidate for Governor? He does not possess superior abilities; he has never held a political office and is without experience in statecraft. Why do they want him, then? This is the reason: If elected he will administer the office and run the State government in their interest. In our expenditure of six millions annually several hundred thousand dollars will go into the pockets of the bosses, which Pattison would save to the tax-payers. With Beaver in the executive chair, the history of our State will repeat itself; the State government will run along in the same old rut; we shall have another machine administration; there will be nobody to lift it upon the higher plane of reform. How can we expect anything else? for every political boss, dead-beat and buzzard supports Beaver. They are never mistaken in their man; the Pennsylvania bosses never support a candidate who will not do their bidding. Besides, Beaver carries a "306" medal, gained at Chicago by a betrayal of his constituents. Will he hesitate to betray the people of Pennsylvania to serve the bosses? We say he will not."

Lancaster *New Era*, Rep.:—The reason General Beaver is not allowed to accept the challenge of Senator Stewart for a joint discussion is apparent to those who understand the situation. The latter is thoroughly posted on the relations existing between Cameron and Beaver, and the latter would not dare to deny them in the presence of Stewart and the proofs he can bring to support his allegations.

The Philad. *Times*, Ind.:—In spite of the boss efforts to make the Labor Convention serve boss purposes, the majority of the delegates seem to have had a better sense of their duties. The indorsement of Armstrong, who is already the Greenback nominee, by a decisive vote, is not only no comfort to the boss managers, but is a positive defeat of their purposes.

The Philad. *Inquirer*, Rep.:—It is terrible to think what the consequences would be to Pennsylvania if J. Danald Cameron should happen to die, or even to get an extra severe and protracted spell of toothache. His father, who is a politician of great experience and extraordinary shrewdness, reiterates the declaration that unless the Stalwart ticket in Pennsylvania is elected this year the principle of protection to American industries is doomed. But the Stalwart ticket represents J. Donald Cameron exclusively, and if the gentleman should happen to die it is to be feared that the Stalwart wing of the party would go to pieces before election day, and then what would become of the tariff.

* * *

Huntingdon is to have a $71,000 court-house.

Perry county had a slight frost last week. Jack should not come in so early.

The Mifflin county republican convention nominated Ira Thompson for assembly and recommended Gen. John R. Taylor for congress.

Women everywhere use Parker's Ginger Tonic, because they have learned by experience that it overcomes despondency, indigestion, weakness in the back and kidneys, and other troubles of the sex.—*Journal.*

That blatherskite Gen. Harry White, has been renominated for congress by the republicans in the Twenty-fifth district.

Congressman Bayne has been renominated by the republicans of his district, defeating B. C. Christy, the Cameron candidate. Evidently the Allegheny manufacturers have not taken fright at General Cameron's scare crow.

Subscribers to the REPORTER who pay their subscription in advance, will recieve an extra credit of two months as a premium.

Make yourself happy and strong Make life happy by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

Next Monday Maine elects a Governor, four Congressmen and a Legislature. There are six tickets in the field, and a lively campaign is in progress.

FRIGHTFUL FIGURES.

It is well to have the exact figures for the appropriations made at the first session of this profligate Congress, so that they cannot be successfully disputed. To be entirely on the safe side and to prevent controversy hereafter, we will take the statement made by Mr. Allison, Chairman of the Appropriations in the Senate, rather than our own summary, even when both rest on the same data. After making a comparison between the bills of 1883 with those of 1882, Mr. Allison sums up in these words:

"Net *increase* of appropriations for 1883 over 1882, is $77,532,621.34." He declares his party guilty of wild extravagance, while he attempts to excuse these unprecedented grants of the public money for questionable objects.

No lame explanation, no weak invention, will satisfy the people who have been victimized by a plundering Congress. From the first hour to the last, one supreme purpose dominated the councils of the Republican party, led by Secor Robeson in the House of Representatives. That was to get the most money out of the Treasury, without regard to the nature of the appropriation.

The Democrats carried the House of Representatives in the tidal wave of 1874 by a majority of seventy, ousting a Republican majority of one hundred. That revolution was mainly caused by the excesses of Grantism. The people rose up and rebuked the corruption of Grant's first term. They compelled the Washington Ring, the Whisky Ring, the Indian Ring, the Postal Ring, the Army Ring, the Navy Ring, the Land Ring, and other organized Rings to suspend operations. They broke up much of the stealing that had been common in all the departments, and they forced the Republicans to abandon venal practices that had disgraced the Administration.

The Democrats came in pledged to retrenchment and reform, and they kept faith with all their obligations. The record of the Forty-fourth Congress is an honorable witness of the fidelity and of the zeal with which every pledge was redeemed. They reduced the appropriations many millions the first year, against bitter opposition of the Republican Senate, and against the false cry that the reductions would cripple the public service. That good work was continued, though perhaps with less vigor than should have been exhibited. During the six years of Democratic ascendancy in the House, jobbery found no favor, and the lobby became impecunious. The old brokers in legislation withdrew from active business and gave up Washington as their headquarters. The rules with which the Democrats began their career shut the lobbyists out and excluded the multitude of "riders" that were mounted on the appropriation bills prior to their advent of power.

The Republicans obtained a narrow majority in the present House, which they have augmented by coalition with Greenbackers, and by turning out six Democrats who were fairly elected. The transition from one party to the other revived instantly the scenes, the methods, and the lobby that were familiar before the tidal wave of 1874.

This session of Congress has brought together the jobbers, the traders, the thieves, and the speculators, who were accustomed to flourish and to dictate legislation under Republican rule. The election of Keifer, and the leadership of Secor Robeson, announced to the country that prodigality was to be the law, and that corruption was to be the practice of this Congress. The result shows that the announcement was true. At the end of eight months this Congress dispersed, leaving the foulest record in our legislative history, surpassing the worst days of Grantism in reckless expenditure, and defying public opinion by outrages that are likely to receive condign punishment at the ballot box. Heedless of the lesson of 1874, the Republican leaders have exceeded their own worst extravagance, and neglected the duties which the people demanded at their hands. Senator Allison's reluctant concession of *seventy-eight millions* excess over the last appropriation will stand in judgment against them at the fall election.

* * *

AN EGYPTIAN EXECUTION.

Alexandria, July 28.—As I was driving this morning to the Ras-el-Tin Palace I met Major French, of the Royal marines, and about thirty Egyptian policemen, each with a blue ribbon tied about the left arm as a sign of loyalty to the Khedive. Behind these policemen were three Egyptians handcuffed and being led by ropes tied around their necks. They wore nothing but long blue gowns—the galicich—and the middle Egyptian strongly resembled Barabbas as presented in the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. Behind the three Egyptians was a carriage containing a physician—Dr. Londinski—and three attendants. I told the driver of my carriage to follow the procession in order to see the Egyptian execution, and also to see how the Arab population of Alexandria would behave when they saw one of their brethern shot by Fgyptian soldiers at the dictation of an English subaltern.

The procession passed through all the streets of Alexandria, and before we had proceeded a quarter of a mile we were followed by about six hundred Arabs. In the Rue des Soeurs—where the famous massacre of Europeans commenced last month, and where the principal malefactor at the head of our procession was proved by the Mixed Police Tribunal to have murdered at least three Europeans—we made a short halt. Proceeding again to the Palace des Conserver, and marching through the Boulevard de Ramleh, we passed through the Eastern Gate, and arrived at Pompey's Pillar, where another short halt was made. We marched through the small Arab village of Carmoos, and arriving at a hollow among the Roman catacombs we found a newly made grave. The principal malefactor—the man who resembled Barabbas—was then blindfolded and forced to stand at the end of the grave that had been dug for him. At the English subaltern's direction five Egyptian gendarmes advanced within ten paces of the man condemned to death. The other two criminals, who had been convicted of stealing, were made to stand facing the grave and so that they could best appreciate the example that was about to be offered them. The five Egyptian gendarmes levelled their Remington rifles at the man sentenced to death. But at the command "Fire!" from their sergeant the hammers of their rifles simply clicked upon the cartridges, which turned out to be damp and useless. After a delay of five minutes—which must have seemed like five hours to the malefactor—new catridges were obtained and the five gendarmes again levelled their rifles—but with the same result. New cartridges were then distributed. The command, "Fire!" was then a third time given. And for the third time there was only a click in the pan, and the wretched malefactor still stood at the head of his grave trembling with suspense. New cartridges were then obtained from the magazine—about a mile distant—and now for the fourth time the five gendarmes advanced, aimed their rifles at the unfortunate devil, and, at the command, "Fire!" a rattling report was heard, and the convict fell into his grave. The doctor stepped forward and found that he had only been hit by two bullets—one tearing through his neck, and the other making a hole in his leg. The man was now pulled out of his grave and propped up so that he could be again shot at. In the meantime he begged and implored for somebody to come and run a bayonet through his heart. The five Egyptian gendarmes, however, again advanced, this time to within about eight paces of their target, and for the fifth time the command was given to fire. The result of this fusillade was that he was riddled with bullets, not one of which, however, had struck him in a vital spot, and the man was still writhing in the dust, covered with streams of blood. The sergeant of gendarmes then came forward, put the muzzle of a rifle to the poor man's ear, pulled the trigger and the cartridge happened to be a good one—the man's head was blown to pieces. Just as the remains of the convict were being buried a man near by me shouted in Arabic, Now is the time to kill more Christians!" Looking around me I found that besides three English officers, a few newspaper correspondents and some dozen European spectators the whole assembly, of perhaps a thousand persons, were all Arabs. There was no English post within the distance of half a mile. A young employe in the Eastern Telegraph Company promptly collared the Arab who had uttered the dangerous cry and the gendarmes took him in charge, and, together with the two thieves who had been brought out to witness the execution, he was handcuffed and marched to the police station in Alexandria.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

NEW ENGLAND MUFFINS.—Beat two eggs well, with a tablespoonful of butter; add a pint of milk; take three teacups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a half teaspoonful of salt; sift into the milk and eggs, beat quickly, and drop into muffin rings or gem pans, leaving room for them to rise; bake immediately in a quick oven.

SALAD DRESSING.—Boil two eggs hard by putting them over the fire into cold water, and allowing them to remain until the water has boiled steadily for ten minutes; when cold rub the yolks to a powder; take a teaspoonful of mixed mustard and the yolk of a raw egg, and mix smooth together; add a tablespoonful of warmed butter, a saltspoonful of salt, half as much white pepper, and a gill of thick sweet cream; then beat in carefully half as much vinegar; keep in the ice box until ready to eat. It is good for chicken salad, lettuce or anything else you please.

ANGEL CAKE.—Take one cup of flour, put into it two teaspoonfuls of sea foam, sift the whole four times; beat the whites of eleven eggs to a stiff froth, and then beat in one and one-half cups of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla, pour the whole on the flour, and beat lightly but thoroughly; bake in ungreased pan slowly forty minutes; when done turn over to cool; never cut it out of pan while warm.

THE IDEAL LEMON TARTS.—Take a biscuit cutter and cut from puff paste shells very thinly rolled; around the edge curl a narrow strip of the paste and bake these shells. While they are baking prepare the following filling: Take the lemon and do not roll it, because it grates better when it is firm; after the yellow rind is all grated into a bowl squeeze in the juice, and if any little cells go in do not say them nay; then put in a cup of sugar and the yolk of one egg; stir well together; upon this pour a large cup of cold water (no milk), into which has been stirred a dessertspoonful of corn starch; put all into a saucepan and stir until it is cooked into a rich, clear, straw colored jelly; the shells now being baked, fill them, and from the white of the egg make a meringue to softly cover each; pop them into the oven one brief instant, and then draw them out a rich sunset yellow. The crust being baked separately it never soaks. Pies can be made in the same manner.

Personal

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic or suffering from any of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you a fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath, health and comfort.

In short they cure all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Try Hop Bitters to-day. (10)

Invitation.

Strangers are invited to visit our store, when in Philadelphia, to leave packages there, and to make a convenience of it generally. It is a handy place, right by the new City Hall, at the very center of the city. It answers our purpose to welcome you, and to provide for such of your wants as we can.

The store is about twice as large as it was two or three years ago; made so by digging under ground and building overhead, and by extension on Chestnut street. Parts of the store are about as comfortable as any place can be; and one of the most comfortable parts is now being got ready for the rest and refreshment of strangers.

One of the pleasant things about the store always has been the fact that you can walk all over it, either alone or with a guide, without ever being asked to buy a thing. We know very well that most of you come to us for a good share of your supplies; why should we spoil your visit by intruding goods upon your attention, when you come to see the place?

But perhaps you are not coming to Philadelphia just now. Very well; take a cooler time. It's cool enough in the store, when you get here. You can write for any goods that you may happen to want; and get them, probably, just as well as if you were on the spot. Any how, you know, you can return whatever you get that you don't like.

We sell more sorts of things than we can put into an advertisement. So, whatever you want, suppose you drop us a line. We'll help you if we can.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets, and City-hall square, PHILADELPHIA.

Benson's
—AWARDED—
Capcine
6
Porous
—MEDALS.—
Plaster.

The Best Known Remedy for

Backache or Lame Back.
Rheumatism or Lame Joints.
Cramps or Sprains.
Neuralgia or Kidney Diseases.
Lumbago, Severe Aches or Pains
Female Weakness.

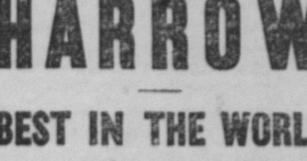
Are Superior to all other Plasters.
Are Superior to Pads.
Are Superior to Liniments.
Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
Are superior to Electricity or galvanism
They Act Immediately.
They Strengthen.
They Soothe.
They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.

CAUTION. Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.

SEABURY & JOHNSON, Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25c. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

THE PENN
HARROW
BEST IN THE WORLD
IT HAS NO EQUAL



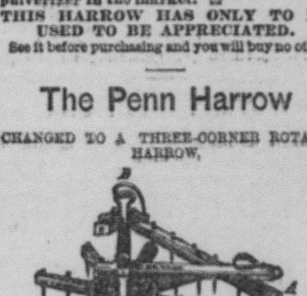
Patented April 13, 1880.

The above cut represents the Penn Harrow complete, with all its combinations of Five Harrows and a sled for each Harrow; and each succeeding change is made from this Harrow without the least additional expense. By hooking the team to either point, B or C, the center revolves and gives the ground Two Strokes and Two Crossings in passing over it once, making it the most effective pulverizer in the market.

THIS HARROW HAS ONLY TO BE USED TO BE APPRECIATED.

See it before purchasing and you will buy no other.

The Penn Harrow
CHANGED TO A THREE-CORNER ROTARY HARROW.

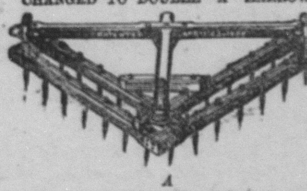


Indispensable for Orchards, as the revolving wheel harrows right up to and all around the trees without barking them.

The Penn Harrow
CHANGED TO SINGLE "A" HARROW.

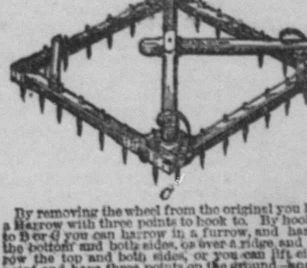
By removing the wing and wheel from the original you have a complete one-horse "A" Harrow.

The Penn Harrow
CHANGED TO DOUBLE "A" HARROW.



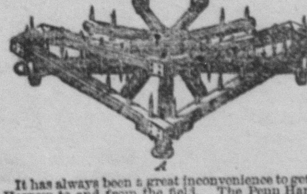
Remove the wheel from the original, reverse the wing, and it makes the most complete Double "A" Harrow in the market.

The Penn Harrow
CHANGED TO A SQUARE HARROW.



By removing the wheel from the original you have a Harrow with three points to hook to. By hooking to B or C you can harrow in a furrow, and harrow the bottom and both sides, or over a ridge and harrow the top and both sides, or you can lift either point and have three points on the ground—something that cannot be done with any other Harrow.

The Penn Harrow
ON ITS SLED.



It has always been a great inconvenience to get the Harrow to and from the field. The Penn Harrow obviates this, as no matter which Harrow you wish to use in the combination, it has its own sled to haul it on.

The Penn Harrow

Is made of the best white oak, with steel teeth, well painted, in every way first-class. Formerly a harrow was the most unhandy implement on the farm; with our improvement it is the most convenient, will do double the work of any other harrow and save the farmer half his labor, and is warranted to do all we represent or money refunded. ORDER AT ONCE AND BE CONVINCED.

Price of the light draft Combination Penn Harrow, $30. Send for a Catalogue and see what farmers say.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY.

PENN HARROW MANUFACTURING CO.
CAMDEN, N. J.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

A Pure Family Medicine that Invigorates without Intoxicating.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

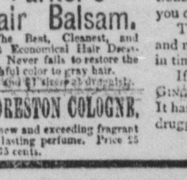
If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you have Dyspepsia, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves you can be cured by PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

There are hundreds of miserable sufferers daily dying from lung, kidney and nervous diseases who might be saved by using PARKER'S GINGER TONIC in time.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours. Ask your neighbor or druggist about it, or send for a circular to HISCOX & CO., New York.

50c. and $1 sizes Great saving in buying dollar size.



Parker's Hair Balsam.

The Best, Cleanest, and Most Economical Hair Dressing. Never fails to restore the youthful color to gray hair. 50c. and $1 sizes at druggists.

FLORESTON COLOGNE.

A new and exceeding fragrant and lasting perfume. Price 25 and 75 cents.

For Samples of
all kinds of Dry Goods
send to
Strawbridge & Clothier
8th & Market Sts.
Philadelphia

NEW SUMMER RESORT.

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,

SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA., TERMINUS OF THE LEWISBURG & TYRONE R. R., AND SIX MILES FROM CENTRE HALL.

This is a new house and newly furnished with everything tending to comfort and convenience of guests. The air is invigorating and perfectly free from malaria, and particularly favorable for the restoration to health of persons afflicted with pulmonary complaints, Malarial disorders and Hay Fever. The beauty of natural surrounding, the grandeur of scenery and the perfect purity of the air and water makes it one of the most delightful spots for health, rest and recreation. The soil is gravelly and the drainage perfect; the water pure, soft and cold from living springs. We call the attention of those desiring the comforts of a superior home to our new house, with its airy chambers for the invalid, and luxury for those seeking rest or pleasure. Plenty of game, good gunning and fishing in season—a winter and summer retreat and now open for tourists and families for season or year. In the midst of a natural park of evergreen and forest trees, interspersed with grassy spots, wild flowers, moss-covered rocks, with pleasant walks extending in every direction. The drives are delightful and exceedingly varied, over good roads along the water sides of the mountains, and on the top there are rare and grand views. Near by the celebrated Penn Caves, surpassing anything of the kind known—sailing miles under ground—and inspecting halls of great wonder of gone by ages. Carriages to the cave daily. The table is plentifully supplied with meats, milk and fresh vegetables and fruits in season, healthfully prepared and tastefully served. Good stabling accommodations.

POPULAR PRICES.

Per day, (less than a week)	$ 2 00
Per week, (less than a month)	6 00
Per month	20 00

Children half price.

All inquiry as to Rooms and Board will be promptly answered.

june8tf GEO. B. NASH, Manager.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS,

No. 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte Penn'a.

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. nov187

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 22 de y

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law Consultations in English and German. Office in Furst's new building

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Bellefonte, Pa. oc22

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock o

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.
In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.
A full asortment of Fire Brick and Grates on handd.
WILSON, McFARLANE &CO

Save Money When You Can!

ANY ONE CAN SAVE IT BY FOLLOWING THE ADVICE BELOW.

Groceries.

We are selling all classes of Groceries at prices below any grocery store in Bellefonte, showing a saving of 3 cents per pound on as staple an article as Coffee; 10 cents on Syrups; 2 cents on Bacon; from 10 to 25 cents per bushel on Potatoes; a few cents on every article of everyday consumption that goes into the house. Produce we always sell at same prices we pay for it, thereby saving the consumer an extra profit that is always charged by exclusive grocery stores.

Boots and Shoes.

We are selling all kinds of Boots and Shoes in wonderful large variety and extra good quality, at prices far below any exclusive shoe store in Centre County. Quality guaranteed as good as can be made, and prices speak for themselves.

Clothing.

We are selling all sizes of Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's Clothing at an enormous saving on any exclusive clothing store, guaranteeing linings, trimmings and workmanship superior to any other ready-made Clothing sold in this county, and equal to any custom-made work. Patches are furnished with all children's suits. We make a specialty of the celebrated Stein, Alder & Co's. manufacture, of Rochester, which is conceded by all to be the best in the United States.

Carpets.

We are selling all grades of Carpets, ranging from the cheapest to the best, at lower prices than any store in Bellefonte, and have the largest variety to be found in the County, which has only to be seen to be verified. Carpets cut, fit, made and laid down in your houses on short notice.

Dry Goods.

In Dry Goods we are determined not to be undersold, and have an exceedingly large stock, comprising everything in the line that the name implies. Dress Goods in every new shape out, Muslins, Calicos, Linens, House Furnishing Goods, in fact anything and everything, bought right and offered right.

Notions.

In Notions and Trimmings our stock is full of novelties, at the very lowest prices.

Gent's Furnishing Goods.

Hats, Caps, Shirts Suspenders, Collars Cuffs, Hosiery, etc. Just call and convince yourselves. Room won't allow us to explain fully.

Why can we do all this? Simply because we deal in everything. We make a specialty of each department; neither one branch or the other of our ever increasing business need be largely profitable, but a very small margin in either sums up to satisfy us.

All Kinds of Country Produce Wanted.

S. & A. LOEB,
THE OLDEST GENERAL MERCHANTS IN CENTRE CO.
ESTABLISHED 1852.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa., Sept. 7, 1882.

FRED KURTZ, ... Editor.

TERMS—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months' additional as a premium.

"THERE'S NO SUCCESS LIKE SUCCESS."

Rapid Sales keep our Counters clear of old goods—Railroad and Telegraphic facilities give us quick communication with the world's markets—You know where to find us—

G. R. SPIGELMYER, & Co's "Fair,'
WHITMER & Co's "Supply Depot'
SPRING MILLS.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—We will send the REPORTER, for the campaign, in clubs of 20, for $4.00. Send in names for clubs of 20.

—Rev. Koser, of Pine Grove Mills, will preach in the Loop church, on Sunday morning, 10th, and in the afternoon, same day, at 2, at Centre Hall—filling Rev. Fischer's appointments. 2t

—The people of Pennsvalley certainly have no occasion to go away from home for any thing in the monument or tombstone line. The Millheim Marble Works turns out the best styles, uses the finest stock, and their prices are as reasonable as elsewhere. Encourage home trade. 2t

— Independent headquarters are now at the Philadelphia Branch, where ready-made clothing for men and boys is sold independent of high prices and independent of other stores.

—The Grange picnic will be held on the mountain, near Centre Hall, Sept. 21, and will be a large affair.

—Squirrels are ripe—Ben Arney take notice.

—They have discovered a silver mine near Sunbury. Subscribe for the "Reporter," 30 cts. for the campaign.

—We will send the REPORTER, in lubs of ten, for the campaign, for the ow price of $2.

—The Soldier's Reunion is to be held at Snow Shoe on Saturday, Sep. 9.

—The Zion and Millheim bands will be present at the picnic at the cave, on 16th. Tickets will be sold for a $50 silver cornet, a $30 silver watch and three other valuable prizes.

—All kinds of produce wanted at Brockerhoffs, Centre Hall. Farmers, if you want the best prices for your butter, eggs, ham, and other produce, take it to Brockerhoff's store, where you get goods at lower prices than elsewhere.

—It is expected that trains will be running between Jersey Shore and Williamsport on the Shamokin, Sunbury and Lewisburg railroad the first of November.

—The finest and latest styles dress goods, new lot, received at Brockerhoffs. Ladies call and see them.

—Work has commenced on the new Evangelical church, at Coburn.

—John Philips, son of A. F. Philips, of Penn, was thrown from a horse last week. Falling upon his head he was picked up insensible but sustained no serious injury. A son of Jesse Snyder, in the same neighborhood, fell from a spring wagon dislocating his left arm at the elbow.

—Miss Annie and Vic Stamback while on their road to Cassler's saw mill their horse gave a sudden jerk upsetting the seat and throwing the ladies backwards from the wagon. Annie was very seriously hurt.

Fruit of all kind is very scarce in our county, this summer. But don't worry over it, dear woman, canned and dried fruit, of best quality, can be had at Sechlers cheaper than any you can put up yourself. This is a tested fact, and you will say so on trying it.

—Teats & Co. wish people to bear in mind that their new grocery, directly opposite the Bush house, is complete in every line of goods and first class throughout. They keep pure goods, and by asking reasonable prices expect to merit a share of the public patronage. They want all kinds of produce, for which the highest prices will be allowed. Call and see them.

—Centre Hall has two daily coach lines to Spring Mills. One line is the mail by Emanuel Smith, the other by Peter Shires.

—Brackbill gets new furniture every few days, and keeps putting up homemade work all the time. Persons wanting furniture will find the largest, best and cheapest assortment at Brackbills—home or city made manufacture. It is the oldest stand in the county, and reliable for honest dealing.

—England got a little check in a late movement against Arabi, and immediately the price of sweet potatoes was put down some 10 or 15 cents per peck at Sechler's grocery. What the Egyptian war has to do with lowering the price of these dainties at Sechlers, we do not know but the reader can ascertain it of them no doubt.

—No better canned goods in the state than sold at Brockerhoff's store. They keep no poor stuff unfit for the table, and sell it low too.

— We are sorry to learn that J. Henry Keller, of near this place, is laid up with a serious bealing on one of his legs, below the knee, which has caused him much suffering for the last three weeks.

—You can get peaches now at reduced prices, at Sechler's grocery, by the crate or basket. Try 'em ladies.

—It does not seem as if Centre Co. was going to have a fair this year.

—Mr. Chas. Boob, of Hartley twp., was drowned in Penns Creek on 11 inst. He was subject to fits and it is thought he fell in the stream while having one.

—Mr. James M'Cormick's illness has become more serious; he is now confined with slender hopes for recovery.

—John Krumbine has moved from this place to Philipsburg.

—The recent warm rains have helped the corn some.

It is the heigth of folly to wait until you are in bed with diseases that may last months, when you can be cured by a timely use of Parker's Ginger Tonic. We have known sickly families made the healthiest by it.—*Observer*.

—The members of the M. E. Church, this place, will hold an ice-cream and cake festival in Witmer's grove, next Saturday afternoon and evening, 8th. All are invited.

During the evening of the Methodist festival there will be a supper, commencing at 5 o'clock. Oysters, &c., will be served. The Linden Hall band has been invited for the occasion.

...Typhoid fever is spreading in Altoona.

Demand it and take no other iron preparation except Brown's Iron Bitters. It is the best.

A TRAIN WRECKED.

Carlsruhe, Sept. 4.—A train of cars running between Freiburg and Colmer left the rails near Hugstetter. Fifty persons were killed and many injured. There were 1,200 persons in the train. Nine carriages were shattered. The accident was caused by a telegraph pole which had been struck by lightning and fell across the track.

Paris, Sept. 4.—A telegram from Mulhouse states that one hundred persons were killed and three hundred others injured in the railroad accident near Hugstetter.

—A heavy snow storm has been raging in Leadville, Col, Aug. 29.

THE PRINTERS' PICNIC.

The printers' picnic, of the J. V. P. A., last Friday, was one of the best yet held by the association—the success is due to the good management of Conrad, of the M'Veytown *Journal*. At 10 a. m. the two fire companies of Bellefonte, the Undine and the Logan, clad in their handsome uniforms, and with decorated hose carriages, headed by the Zion and Pleasant Gap bands, marched to the depot to receive the picnicers. The special train, containing eleven cars filled with editors and their wives and little ones, typos, with their sisters, or some ones sisters, to the number of between 6 and 700, filled the train. All soon alighted, wearing smiling faces and countenances beaming with happiness in anticipation of the pleasant time ahead. The M'Veytown band, in full regalia, also came with the party. The visitors were then escorted to the court house yard by the hose companies, where an address of welcome was delivered by Senator Alexander in one of his best viens. The response was delivered by Swartz, of the Altoona *Tribune*, in a short speech which did him credit. Calls were then made for Gov. Curtin, who entertained the assembled printers pleasantly in one of his good humored speeches, when the crowd was adjourned to put in time as seemed best to each during the remainder of the day. After dinner the ball of the Logan boys was opened in Bush's hall, and largely visited all afternoon, and passed off in the nicest kind of order. At the same time the printers' ball came off in one of the Bush house parlors, which also passed off finely and was enjoyed by such of the typos and their sweethearts as are fond of tipping the light fantastic. Others strolled through the town to view its fine residences and famous spring. The Huntingdon and Altoona boys had a match game of base-ball on the fair ground which attracted thither a large crowd of spectators.

At 6 p. m. the special train pulled out with the happy party on board for their homes.

Bellefonte never had a better looking crowd, especially of ladies, within its limits. All were exceedingly well-behaved, and left with the good opinion of hundreds of our citizens—their conduct at Bellefonte, we are proud to say, was a credit to the craft. All felt pleased with their reception and treatment. The M'Veytown band serenaded the printing offices and some of the prominent citizens in the evening. It was a gala day for Bellefonte as well as for the association. The association appreciates the kindness of the Penn'a R. R. officials for courtesies extended.

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"TREASURY OF SONG."

It is seldom that we can commend a book so strongly as that named above. "TREASURY OF SONG," is indeed a treasury. It contains nearly 300 choice selections of song from the various departments, sacred, classical, humorous. These extend over 500 royal octavo pages, well printed on superior paper, and giving the instrumental accompaniments wherever necessary.

Myron W. Whitney, the great American Basso, writes the publishers thus: "If generally introduced in musical homes, you will deprive vocalists of their best excuse for not singing on invitation, since the assertion, 'I have no music with me,' will have no force in the presence of TREASURY OF SONG." The Kansas City Journal says: "There is not a song in the entire collection that could be omitted without marring the completeness of the book." The Rev. R. B. Hull, of New York City says "It is impossible, I think, to make a better." Professor Hugh A. Clarke, of the University of Pennsylvania declares, "I am glad to bear my testimony to the excellence and variety of the selections it contains." Prof. Clarke is one of the highest authorities in music.

A series of sketches, and portraits of eminent musicians and singers is included in the book, making in all about 550 pages. The binding is beautiful and in every respect the work is superb. It has been published by Hubbard Brothers, of Philadelphia.

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RAILROAD TALK.

The railroad work near Beech Creek is still in progress, if possible, is being shoved with more energy than ever before. Nothing definite as to what company is doing the work is known but the impression generally prevails that it is the Pennsylvania and Western. A *Democrat* reporter called on Mr. W. W. Morris, in the hope of receiving an explanation of the mystery, but found that gentleman very reticent. He had no information to give and was not certain whether he was in possession of what might be called positive knowledge concerning the probable extent of the movement. He knew however that a railroad would be built up Beech Creek. "It is a *bona fide* movement," said he. "People have put their money in it and expect a return therefrom. I can say that I am not in the employ of the Pennsylvania road. We will surely build the road," he repeated, with a twinkle in his eye, but refrained from saying who "we" are. "What Tom Collins is doing with his negroes I do not know, but I do know that if the road stops at Beech Creek it will not benefit Lock Haven. Being interested in this city's prosperity I would very much like to see the road come through and it is of the highest importance to every resident that it should, but as to whether it will or not I am in the dark. In my judgment the proper step for our citizens to take would be to call a mass meeting and appoint a committee of shrewd men to find out what company is doing the work and whether the road will be built to this city." We say that we heartily endorse this suggestion. A matter of so great importance to our city should not be treated with unconcern.

Upon inquiry who could probably furnish more definite information Mr. Morrison said H. T. Harvey, Esq., had not very long ago secured the right of way from the mouth of Beech Creek to a point a few miles below Snow Shoe and he would probably prove a better subject for an interview. The company for which Mr. Harvey procured the right of way is the Pennsylvania and Western, and putting this and that together, it becomes plain that this is the company doing the work.

It is understood that the present contest is between the Pennsylvania and Western and the Williamsport and Clearfield companies. The success of the former is of paramount importance to Lock Haven. If constructed it will be in the interest of Vanderbilt and may be extended to this city, while the other, in the interest of the Pennsylvania company, will, if built, connect with the Bald Eagle road and result in no benefit to us.—*Lock Haven Dem.*

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FILING A LETTER AS A WILL.

The Lewistown *Sentinel* says: Pittsburg Court promises to have a will case something similar to the Fosselman case in our court here. A dispatch says:

"On January 31, 1862, J. W. McConnel, then a soldier, wrote a letter to his cousin, Mary McConnel, telling her to retain what money she had or knew of belonging to him, and if he never came back she could have all his estate. He died on 31 May, 1863, in the Herwood Hospital, from a wound received at the battle of Spotsylvania, and was buried at Arlington Heights. Subsequently J. P. Maffett took out letters of administration and distributed $862.83 of McConnel's money to two of his aunts. Recently some bank stock and bonds have been discovered. The cousin Mary McConnel, entered the Registers office of this city with the letter of administration on the estate. This filing of a letter of a will is the first of the kind ever known here, and has excited much comment among the lawyers."

It will be remembered that in the case here the Supreme Court decided that a short letter granting a note for $2,000 to a niece of the owner, in an envelope addressed to the niece, constituted a testamentary disposition of the note. Should the Pittsburg case reach the same body it will doubtless be found that Miss McConnel holds a valid instrument.

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STAGE ROBBERS CONFESS.

Two of the Desperadoes Taken and Lynched.

Tucson, Arizona, August 25.—A special dispatch from Globe, concerning the robbery and murder of Andy Hall and Dr. Vail, says: C. B. Hawley and L. B. and Cicero Grimes have made a full confession. Hawley and L. V. Grimes did all the work. Cicero Grimes was to share in the proceeds, and consented to assist in the robbery. He went to the summit of the mountain, met the express, and rode ahead of it for some distance, making signs to Hawley and L. V. Grimes, who were concealed near the trail. When the express arrived at the spot they commenced firing to scare the messenger and mail rider. The mail rider (Porter) ran off to get a gun, while Cicero Grimes rode into the town. Messenger Hall had a rifle without cartridges and a pistol with a belt of cartridges. He hid himself, and young Grimes and Hawley broke open the box and secured $5,000 in gold. They started away with it. W. E. Vail, on his way to his mine, rode to the scene of the robbery soon after the deed had been committed, and while looking around for a trail the guard came back, and not knowing Vail, shot at him. Vail, thinking he was attacked by one robbers, rode on and overtook the robber. They pretended to be friendly and said they were going to town, and Vail, being afraid, went with them about a half a mile, when they shot Vail three times in the back. They were then overtaken by Messenger Hall, who pretended that he had been shot at by Indians, and wanted protection to get into town. He went with them some distance, carrying a pistol in his hand all the time. They got Hall between them and Hawley shot him in the back. Hall shot five times at them, and then they literally riddled him with bullets. The robbers then divided the money, Grimes taking his and his brother's share, and they separated. Through a chain of circumstantial evidence Treasurer Lacy, Shiriff Lowther and others worked up the case. The mob which assembled after the robbers were arrested were determined to hang all three. Cicero Grimes has a wife and a large family here. While L. V. Grimes and Hawley were out with a party of citizens and officers hunting for the treasure, Cicero Grimes made a statement to the crowd. When he had finished they determined to put him to death. Mr. Fitch, a young lawyer, made a speech to the mob against hanging Grimes, which occupied nearly two hours. He was followed by O. B. Kennedy, Rev. B. D. Coloffe, and others. The officers meantime returned and finally got Cicero Grimes away to a place of safety. The crowd then took Hawley and L. V. Grimes and hanged them. There was not much noise. Hawley met his death unflinchingly, but L. V. Grimes broke down.

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MAJOR PHIPPS A FUGITIVE.

The Superintendent of Philadelphia's Almshouse Arrested and Jumps His Bail.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1.—Major Ellis P. Phipps, who up to last night was Superintendent of the almshouse, is a fugitive. A committee of the Councils investigated the management of the almshouse a short time ago, and found a sad state of affairs. Stoves were missing, employees were not paid, although warrants on the city treasury were regular; paupers were given insufficient clothing in winter and made go barefooted, and stories of cruelty were told. The almshouse has been run as a political machine for many years. All the inmates were given petty offices, such as "Captain of the dust pan, "Captain of the swill tub," and so on, and were paid a few cents a month. This was done so that they might vote, and at every election they were marched up to the polls in a body, given Republican ballots, and always made to vote for W. Ellwood Rowan for Comman Councilman.

The Committee of One Hundred have been after Major Phipps, and yesterday it was decided to arrest him. Last night a warrant was sworn out by Morris M. Matthews, charging that on or about Jan. 1, 1882, and within the last nine months one Ellis P. Phipps did defraud the city Philadelphia of a large sum of money; that he conspired with others while Superintendent of the almshouse to rob the city, and that he drew false and fraudulent warrants, for which no goods were received. This warrant was given to Detective Miller, and last night he served it upon Phipps, who was taken completely by surprise. He ordered a carriage, and, with the detective drove to Councilman Rowan's house. Then they hunted up the magistrate who issued the warrant, and Rowan gave bonds in $5,000 for the appearance of Phipps at the Central station this afternoon at 2 o'clock. At that hour the station was filled with politicians and members of the Committee of One Hundred. After waiting half an hour Phipps' council came in and said that they could not find him. Assistant District Attorney Bregy insisted that the bail should be forfeited, which was ordered, and a new warrant was issued for Phipps. It is supposed that he has fled from the State.

Matthews, the informer, is a commission merchant, and has had almshouse contracts. He declares that Major Phipps gave him a bill for $7,000 worth of goods, for which only about $500 worth of supplies had been actually furnished. This occurred within the last week or two, and Matthews, fearing detection, carried his information to the Committee of One Hundred, who at once began proceedings for procuring Major Phipps' arrest. Members of the committee say that it will be proved that this mode of depleting the almshouse funds had been in operation for a number of years. It is thought that certain city Councilmen shared in the plunder.

EGYPT.

Port Said, August 29.—Last evening a body of Arabs attacked the British position at Kassasin and were repulsed with heavy loss. The British lost 120 men. Eleven of the enemy's guns were captured.

London, August 29.—Other advices received at London confirm the report of a battle with, and repulse of, the enemy at Kassasin. The fight took place at moon light. The British loss is from 120 to 150 men. General Wolseley telegraphs from Ismailia at 1 40 this morning as follows: I have just received news from the front that General Graham was heavily attacked last evening by a body of Egyptians. The British cavalry from Mahsameh went to his assistance and he has had a brilliant success, taking eleven guns. Only a few British were killed, and over one hundred wounded. I am just about to proceed to the front. A dispatch to the *Times* from Alexandria says the report of the death of Toulba Pasha is confirmed.

THREE CHILDREN DROWNED IN THE JUNIATA.

Huntingdon, Pa., August 28.—Martha and Flora Crossly, aged respectively fourteen and eleven years, and Minnie Pedrick, aged twelve years, were drowned in the Juniata river to day. They were with Ruth Crossly, a sister, boating on Fisher's dam, and when about thirty feet from the shore their boat sprang a leak and the girls in their fright upset it, and sank in ten feet of water. Ruth Crossly clung to the boat and was rescued. The river is being dragged and the bodies of the Crossly children have been recovered.

TERRIBLE RIOTING BETWEEN THE HINDOOS AND MOHAMMEDANS.

Calcutta, August 28.—There has been fearful rioting between the Hindoos and Mohammedans at Salem, in the presidency Madras. One hundred and fifty Hindoos and three Mohammedans have been arrested. An eye-witness of the disorders says he saw the disemboweled body of a Mohammedan infant lying on the ground. Its arms were also torn off. Headless corpses of the Mohammedan men and women were lying on every side. Houses of Mohammedans were burned, and the principal mosque was almost razed to the ground. Dead pigs had been thrown into wells with the corpses of Mohammedan children. Troops are still patroling the streets. The Mohammedans are a small minority of the population.

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MURDEROUS RAIDS BY THE APACHE INDIANS.

San Francisco, August 30.—A dispatch from Calabasas says: A band of unknown Apaches raided this valley early this evening, and is rumored to have killed quite a number of men, women and children, numbering twenty-six in all. They have taken all the ranches from Calabasas to the line, and the people are coming into Calabasas for safety. Juh's band have crossed the line into Arizona. It is believed that it is he who is raiding the settlements. Captain Madden, commanding at Port Huachuca, is in pursuit of the Indians who have been raiding the Santa Cruz Valley. The killing of Martinez and his family yesterday occurred only fifteen miles south of the point where took place the tragedies reported from Calabasas. A dispatch from the Huachuca correspondent of the Tombstone (Arizona) *Epitaph* states that a courier from Santa Cruz gives an account of the killing of three persons by the Indians, and of a general raid of hostiles in the valley.

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A TEXAS TOWN NEARLY WASHED AWAY.

Seventy-two Persons Drowned.

Galveston, Texas, August 26.—A special dispatch to the *News* states that a heavy rain or waterspout caused the head of Bosque Creek, above Stephenville, on the 24th instant to overflow, destroying property estimated to be worth from $40,000 to $100,000. Mrs. Hart was drowned, her house being dashed to pieces. Other persons were saved by climbing on the roofs of their houses and to adjoining trees. The water has now subsided. The *News'* Fort Concho special reports to-day are heartrending from the irundation of Ben Ficklin. Forty deaths are reported from drowning. Twenty-one Mexicans were drowed at Kelly's ranch and ten Mexicans at Beasley's ranch. The town of Ben Ficklin is all washed away except eight houses. The court-house and jail are a total loss; no insurance from water. The people from San Angeles tried to assist, but the raging water prevented. It is still impossible to cross the North Concho. The country presents a spectacle which beggars description. Houses, shops, horses, cattle and clothing are piled up in heaps at every step.

LUCK SUPERSTITION IN CHINA.

Rev. Mills, returned missionary: "It is now six or eight years since I first visited the little town of Jao Kia Tswang, in Shantung, China. I stopped at the best inn of the place. There was nothing unusual in the accommodations. The brick bedstead, with its covering of Chinese matting and a short plank pillow, was neither better nor worse than in other inns. The macaroni was perhaps better than in most inns, and the mustard sauce and vermicelli were not unpalatable. In one of the side rooms was piled away a large quantity of mushrooms prepared for market. Mr. Jao, the proprietor, was a well-to-do old gentleman and rather proud of his old and respectable establishment. He was a man of letters as well, and taught an advanced school in one of the numerous apartments of the inn. He was quite gracious to his foreign guests and made it a special point to come around and have a friendly chat with us. He was pretty well read in Christian books and owned that Christianity had very much to commend it. But none of these things made Mr. Jao or his inn remarkable It was the wonderful luck hillock which did so.

I will explain what this means. The floor in the inn, like all others in Northern China, was of simple earth, mixed with a little lime and pounded hard. The luck hillock was a considerable elevation, say six feet in circumference and may be three feet high. It had grown from small beginnings and large untidiness to the size indicated. Somebody's shoes had been dirty and the filth had been scraped off at this place on the floor. Then a multitude of other dirty shoes had passed that way, and so, little by little, there came to be a distinct hillock. No profane broom ever disturbed these precious accumulations. It came to be understood that Mr. Jao was a lucky man, and when I saw him there was nothing of which the old man was so proud or his neighbors so envious as this little hillock of dirt in the kitchen. It was thought that the streams of lucky influence were pouring in to Jao's inn and that this extraordinary phenomenon was the outward evidence of it. Every one expected the Jaos would have numerous offsprings, long life, wealth and literary distinction. I have given this instance to illustrate the belief of the Chinese in lucky influences. But they believe equally and indeed of necessity in unlucky influences. They suppose all things to be effected, favorably or unfavorably, by the 'yang' and the 'yin,' as these two forces are called. The "yang" has to do with life, light, warmth and prosperity. It is frequently translated by the word "male." The "yin" has to do with the opposite—viz., death, darkness, cold and adversity. It is frequently translated "female." The "yang" is strong, effusive and good luck. The "yni" is weak, receptive and bad luck. These influences are supposed to be governed in their action by fixed laws, and there are men who give themselves to their study. These men are termed Fung Sway Shen Sung—professors of wind and water. They are consulted mainly in reference to the location of buildings and of family cemeteries. My opinion has often been asked as to the luck of a house in a given location and of a dwelling with doors and windows facing thus and so. But it is especially in the location of cemeteries that these professors are consulted, and here they reap a golden harvest.

Some thirteen years since I was buying land for a mission dwelling house in the suburbs of Tung Chow. The old gentleman from whom I purchased the land had been a military mandarin, and was a man of considerable intelligence and force of character. On the lot adjoining the plot I was buying were the graves of several members of his family, and here he expected to be buried. The place had doubtless been selected after consultation with a wind and water professor, and the old man believed burial there would secure repose to the dead and prosperity to the living. He told me I must on no account dig a well on the south of the graves, as that would spoil his luck. And I could not secure the land till I solemnly made such a promise. The good influences are supposed to come from the genial south, and they would pass into the well and be lost to the cemetery.

A HINDERANCE OF IMPROVEMENT.

Excavations and erections are supposed to change the course of these influences. In the spring of 1871 a Presbyterian church was being built in Tong Chow. It was to have a steeple with pointed turrets. The steeple had arisen some fifteen feet above the ridge pole of the building, when the neighbor across the street took fright. He belonged to a family of distinction. He objected to the height of the proposed structure, and especially to the turrets, with their numerous points, the very thing to catch and keep his good luck. As there was a good deal of excited feeling the missionaries thought it best to shorten the tower and turrets for a dome. We spoiled our steeple but kept the good will of our neighbors. Some five miles to the south of Tung Chow is a silver mine. It is closed. At the mouth of it is a stone slab, with the edict of the district magistrate cut on it. The edict is a copy of a petition from the chief men of twenty-four surrounding villages. These men represent to His Excellency that owing to the operating of this mine the repose of the dead is disturbed in all their villages, and they request that the mine be closed.

Two of the desperadoes who robbed a stage in Arizona and murdered the express messenger and another man, were lynched at Globe. In Florida two colored prisoners, charged with murder, were shot and killed by a mob.

MARRIED.

On the 24 Aug., by Rev. D. G. Penepacker, Mr. John Lucas and Miss Alice Sohrenk, both of Lemont.

On 29 ult., by Esq Eisenhuth, Jacob Derr, of Haines and Hariott, daughter of Em. Eisenhuth, of Penn.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 4.—Flour, Minnesota, extra, $6.76; Penn'a $5.12.

Wheat, 1.12; corn 82; oats 46

Cattle—prime 7½, good 6½. Sheep extra 5@5½, calves 7@8.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat, $1.00, No. 2, .90: No. 3	.75
Rye	80c
Corn, shelled per bu.	80 c
Corn, shelled.	90c.
Oats,	40c,
Buckwheat,	50c.
Barley	50c. to 75c
Cloverseed,	4 00 to 4.5 0
Timothy seed,	1 75 to 2.00
Plaster, ground per ton,	$9.00
Flour, per bbl	$5.00
Butter	20c
Tallow,	6c.
Lard,	12½.
Ham,	15c.
Shoulders	14c
Bacon or side,	14c
Eggs per doz.	20c

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble

DR G. W. HOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall. Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14apr

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No Whiskey!

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is one of the very few tonic medicines that are not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey, thus becoming a fruitful source of intemperance by promoting a desire for rum.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is guaranteed to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will, in nearly every case, take the place of all liquor, and at the same time absolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

Rev. G. W. RICE, editor of the *American Christian Review*, says of Brown's Iron Bitters:

> Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.
> Gents:—The foolish wasting of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity; and if applied, will save hundreds who resort to saloons for temporary recuperation.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been thoroughly tested for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, liver complaints, kidney troubles, &c., and it never fails to render speedy and permanent relief.

T. DESHNER, Gunsmith,
43 High St., Bellefonte, Pa

Has now on hand: Winchester rifles, B. L. Double guns, Shot, and Rifle and Shot, Single Breech loading guns from $5 to $14. Revolvers from 1 to 11 dollars. Muzzle loading guns very cheap. I sell no breech loading "seconds."

Guns made and repaired.

Shot-gun cartridges loaded to order.

Ammunition wholesale and retail.

☞Sportsmen are respectfully invited to examine my stock. 25aug3m

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AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE RICH NEW BOOK,

Treasury of Song

For the home circle. A rich volume of 300 best loved gems chosen from the whole realm of Music. Usual cost $67! Here, only $2.50. No book like it. No competition. Sale is immense. Eminent citizens say: "A treasury of pleasure for every home." O. D. Tiffany, D. D. "A perfect marvel of excellence and cheapness." G. A. Peltz, D. D. "Full of genuine gems." F. L. Robbinson, D. D. "I like it." W. H. Doane, Mus. Doc. "It meets a real household want." A. J. Gordon, D. D. "Its contents will bring genial sunshine to the home." Prof. W. F. Sherwin. "I have examined this sumptuous volume with great delight." J. H. Vincent, D. D. "It should be in every household in the land." Prof. C. C. Case. Three million homes want it, hence it is a grand chance to coin money. Sample pages, &c., free. Address HUBBARD BROS., Philadelphia, Pa. 1sep4t

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READ, MARK AND LEARN—That a fine enclosed Picnic Ground with every convenience such as Swings, Croquet ground, Quoits, Pavilion, and a fine spring of pure water, plenty of shade. Music and lunch got up at moderate rates. Carriages and tickets to the cave. Societies, Clubs, Lodges, and all respectable parties for further information address

GEO. B. NASH,
Spring Mills House.
Spring Mills, Pa.
13jul3m

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Sarah Lee, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

J. T. Lee,
H. D. Lee,
Adm'rs.
31aug6t

EXECUTORS SALE.—There will be exposed to Public Sale on the premises, two miles north of Spring Mills Station, on the Lewisburg and Tyrone R R, on

Saturday, September 9, 1882.

The following valuable Real Estate of Adam Fisher, Dec'd, known as the Farmers Mills property, consisting of a MERCHANT AND CUSTOM FLOURING MILL, in complete running order with the capacity to 4 run of Burrs, having Turbine Water Wheels located on Penn's Creek, a never failing stream, also, thereon a GOOD SAW MILL on the same stream, LARGE DWELLING House with a complete STORE ROOM. An excellent well near the house, of never failing water, GOOD BANK BARN and other out-buildings. Also, about 40 acres of land part of which is well timbered with white pine, oak, hemlock, bounded by the lands of Jno. P. Ross' heirs. Jno. Bartges heirs, Robert J. Smith, Geo. Krape and others. Orchard with choice fruit, two tenant houses, garden and Stables,

Sale to commence at one o'clock P. M. of said day when terms will be made known by,

J. B. FISHER,
POLLY FISHER, Executors. Aug10

THAT WONDERFUL BOOK.
GUIDE TO SUCCESS.
WITH FORMS FOR BUSINESS AND SOCIETY

Is selling by tens of thousands. It is the most universally useful book ever published. It tells completely HOW TO DO EVERYTHING in the best way. How to be Your Own Lawyer. How to Do Business Correctly and Successfully. How to act in Society and everywhere. A gold mine of varied information to all classes for constant reference. WANTED—AGENTS for all or spare time. To know why this book of REAL value and attractions sells better than any other, apply for terms to H. B. SCAMMELL & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 10aug6m

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the receipt for a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3c. stamp, Ben. Vandelf & Co.,

12 Barclay st., New York

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

Parties wishing the Prescription will please address Rev. E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburg N. Y.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous DEBILITY, PREMATURE DECAY and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers willing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence.

JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St. N. Y

THE CREAM OF ALL BOOKS OF ADVENTURE.
PIONEER HEROES AND DARING DEEDS

The thrilling adventures of all the hero explorers and frontier fights with Indians, outlaws and wild beasts, over our whole country, from the earliest times to the present. Lives and famous exploits of DeSoto, LaSalle, Standish, Boone, Kenton, Brady, Crockett Bowie, Houston, Carson, Custer, California Joe, Wilde Bill, Buffalo Bill, Gens. Miles and Cook, great Indian Chiefs and scores of others. Gorgeously illustrated with 175 fine engravings to the life. AGENTS WANTED. Low priced and beats anything to sell. STANDARD BOOK CO. Philadelphia, Pa. 10aug6m

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—DINGES'!—

PLAIN TALK !

TO EVERY BODY.

READ THIS!!

I will keep up a FULL LINE OF GOODS, right along.

DO NOT FORGET THIS!

I especially call attention to MY STOCK of GROCERIES as being the Equal if not Superior to any in the Valley.

☞I Guarantee Bargains—I mean that I will sell low, and only ask that people come and satisfy themselves of this from the prices asked.

WILL GIVE AWAY $1000! this year to cash customers, by a System of Checks. Each customer taking a $20 check sums purchased will be punched and when amount is full $1 will be thrown off the $20, besides having your goods lower than sold elsewhere

New Departure.

Believing it to be the best for both merchant and customer that all dealings should be in cash, and following the example of most prominent and successful dealers, I have determined to do away with the credit system after the 17 of July, 1882. After this date the books will be closed and I will sell only

-FOR=CASH-
or its equivalent.

Thankful to my customers for their past patronage, I hope to meet them in the future at my old stand, where I am confident I can sell much CHEAPER THAN BEFORE, and LOWER than elsewhere. Have determined to give my customers the benefit of the new system.

PRODUCE will be taken in exchange for goods at highest market price. Respectfully,

I. J. Grenoble,
Spring Mills, Pa,
13jul y

Burchfield's New Grocery.

NEW CENTRE COUNTY BANK BUILDING.

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!

THE New Store in the Centre County Bank Building, High st., Bellefonte Penn'a,

IS NOW OPEN
—AND—
STOCK FULL.

The goods on sale are the best the market affords, and sold at prices to suit all customers.

GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY,
GLASS WARE,
CANNED FRUITS,
AND EVERY THING USUALLY KEPT IN A FIRST CLASS STORE.

Remember the Store is a new one opened on

Monday, May 1,

AND ALL GOODS CONSEQUENTLY NEW AND FRESH.

The patronage of all desiring fair treatment is solicited.

☞For quotations call and you will be convinced that a revolution has been effected in prices of all goods offered for sale.

jun29 W. E. BURCHFIELD.

ENCOURAGING.

Having been encouraged by the steady increase of business, I have remodeled, repainted and added to the external as well as to the internal appearance of my DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more attractive to my customers. I would now thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. My stock is as near full as possible. I am in complete communication with the principal Drug Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential.

jun22tf J. D. MURRAY, Centre Hall.

WM. A. SANDO
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Shop on corner of Church and Main st. Is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, on short notice, and good fits guaranteed, according to the latest styles. A large lot of samples always on hand. Workmen of long experienced in his employ. 1nov y

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J. W. CORNELIUS, Photographer, 316 Market Street, LEWISBURG, Pa.

The best work at moderate prices. All work pertaining to photography finely executed Orders by mail will receive prompt attention, but must be accompanied with the cash. jul13

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.

Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.

☞Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8juntf

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BUTT'S HOUSE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
FRANK X. LEHAM, Proprietor.

Best brands of Liquors and Cigars on hand. Good accommodations for Travelers and Commercial Men. Also Beer bottler. Terms reasonable. 29juntf

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PENNSVALLEY BANKING CO,
CENTRE HALL, PA.

RECEIVE DEPOSITS and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.

WM. WOLF, Pres't
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GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE REPORTER OFFICE

GOLDSMITH BROTHERS.

THE GREAT BEEHIVE

CARPETS.

C=A=R=P=E=T=S

C|A|R|P|E|T|S.

Greatest Bargains
—EVER—
Offered in Carpets

Having bought the Entire Stock of CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS. MATTINGS, &c.. formerly owned by I. Guggenheimer,

—At a—
Great Sacrifice.

We will offer the same at 30 to 40 per cent below regular prices, until disposed of.

Goldsmith Bro.,
BEE HIVE
One Price Stores.

For Autumn Wear.

Our Bargain sections offer many lots of Clothing for men and boys, well adapted for Fall wear, at an average of forty per cent off from the low prices established at our June Upset Sale.

You may save the cost of a journey to the city, and perhaps much more, on a single suit of clothing.

Wanamaker & Brown.

Oak Hall, Sixth and Market Sts.,
Philadelphia.

And Brockerhof's
NEW STORE!
—AT—
CENTRE HALL.

Grand Opening
—OF—
NEW STOCK,
JOHN MULLEN,
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—AT THE—
-Hotel Stand.-

DRY GOODS,
LADYS DRESS GOODS,
CLOTHS, CASSIMERS
NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS,

Ready Made
CLOTHING
—FOR—
Men and Boys.

GROCERIES,
Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Syrups, Queensware, Glassware,

BARGAINS!

Farmers will be allowed the highest price for all kinds produce.

The best bargains in Store Goods in the county.

Go to the New Store before purchasing elsewhere.

CENTRE HALL
Carriage Shops.

J. O. DEININGER, Proprietor
J. W. HENNY, Superintendent

Manufacture and constantly keep on hand
CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES,
SPRING WAGONS,
SLEIGHS,
and all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Prices low and all work turned out first-class.

COME AND SEE OUR WORK
jan27

☞WM. WOLF & SON.☜

At the Old Stand.

It will be
—GOOD NEWS—
for all, to know that the MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF GOODS in the valley,
A-N-D—T-H-E—B-E-S-T
has arrived, and is now opened, at
—WOLF'S—
Old Reliable Stand.

The finest and best gentlemen's Dress Goods, in the county.

The finest, best and latest styles ladies' Dress Goods.

Hats, Boots, Shoes, &c., &c.

Queensware, Glassware, Groceries, none but what are pure. He has the only pure, old-fashioned NEW ORLEANS sugar in the county, an article rarely found in these days.

A complete assortment in each department.

Come and see one of the best stocks in the county.

HARDWARE,
Jas. Harris & Co.
ARE SELLING VERY LOW
REAPER SECTIONS and REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools,
RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES,
SPROUT'S HAY FORKS,
ROPE BLOCKS, ETC.,

As well as all kinds of HARDWARE, to meet all demands in this line,

JAS. HARRIS & CO.
Bellefonte.

DR. J. W. RHONE, Dentist, can be found at his office and residence on North side of High Street, three doors East of Allegheny, Bellefonte, Pa. 27febt.

LEWISTOWN
Marble & Granite
WORKS.
D. R. STRATFORD,
Proprietor, Lewistown, Pa.

The undersigned respectfully informs the public of Pennsvalley that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in MARBLE AND GRANITE at

Cheaper Rates Then Elsewhere

Write or call on Clevan Dinges for terms and designs.

I have accepted this agency with the view of introducing the work turned out by the Lewistown Marble & Granite Works.

Confident that I can furnish first class work at greatly reduced prices from what has been usually paid; all work warranted and erected on the graves.

Respectfully,
CLEVAN DINGES.
16octly Centre Hall.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

S. R. PEALE. H. A. M'KEE.
PEALE & M'KEE, Attorneys-at-law. Office opposite the Court House, Bellefonte, Pa. 15sep tf

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 278

BUSH HOUSE. W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

JOHN BLAIR LINN, Attorney-at-Law, Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont. feb tf

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower.
ALEXANDER & BOWER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office in Garman's new building.

LEATHER!

ASK FOR GENESEE SOLE LEATHER IF YOU WANT THE BEST.

Calf Skins, Moroccos, Linings, Lasts Thread, Nails, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, and all kinds of Shoe Findings on hand. We also make to order GENTS BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS from the best of French Leather. Leave your orders and a perfect fit guaranteed.

E. GRAHAM & SON, Bellefonte

JAS. A. BEAVER, President.
J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.
(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)
Receive Deposits,
And Allow Interest,
Discount Notes,
Buy and Sell
Government Securities, Gold & Coupons.
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BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upward made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 22dec y

MURRAY'S COACH SHOP

In successful operation for more than a quarter of a century, has attained a reputation for well finished and serviceable work, of which but few can boast.

BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, SPRING-WAGONS,

&c., kept constantly on hand.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice. The wood work of Bodies, Gearing and Wheels made and sold separately.

SHOP, COUNTY & STATE rights of

PATENT BOW TOP

for Carriages, for sale.

For further particulars, address LEVI MURRAY, Centre Hall, Centre Co.
15dectf.

CUT THIS OUT!

AGENTS MAKE $15 TO $40 PER WEEK.

We have stores in 15 leading Cities, from which our agents obtain their supplies quickly. Our Factories and Principal Offices are at Erie, Pa. Send for our New Catalogue and terms to agents. Address

M. N. LOVELL, 523 French Street, Erie, Pa.

"Cold!"

They say that she is cold, but they say what they do not, cannot know,
The very flowers that hang from the girdle of spring were growing under the snow.

Is the violet cold that it shrinks from the gaze and the touch of the herd?
Is the song of the thrush, though it is not permitted to fondle the bird?

They often love fondest, love surest, who never betray the emotion.
I could tell you of one whom she loves with a passion as deep as the ocean.

It is true that, in words, she has never confessed to the feeling;
Love chooses a daintier way for its choicest and sweetest revealing.

Never once has he touched her lips with his own, never once caressed her hand—
He might kiss and caress to his heart's content would he only understand!

"Cold! Cold!" Did he know all her heart as they flippantly say it,
He would leap with his might at the falsehood to throttle and stifle and slay it.

Some time he will know what to-day what he would barter his life to be knowing—
Not, perhaps, till the roses and daisies above her are budding and blowing.

She may die with the weight of her delicate secret upon her;
Then may God charge His angels to crown her with Heavenly blessing and honor!

So they who were made to be lovers, alas! they are nothing but friends;
He dare not, she will not—behold, for the want of a word how it ends!

Well, the case is, at least no marvel, the story is common and old:
Mourn over it, sneer at it, which you will, but you shall not say she is cold!

—*Anson G. Chester, in Our Continent.*

HIS TRUST

When Mr. Tom Rainger, who described himself as a traveling photographic artist, was not on the road, he lived absolutely alone in an humble cottage on a wide patch of land adjoining Thornton Common, a high, wide stretch of grassy ground, and a place much resorted to in the summer.

The village of Thornton, from which the common took its name, was seven miles from the nearest country town. It was a meek little village with an old-fashioned parsonage, an unpretending church, a school-house, a forge and a public house, called the Three Jolly Boys.

To return to Mr. Rainger—when he was not at home he lived on wheels; that is to say he journeyed round the country in a kind of cart-house. He traveled mostly in the winter, finding through the warm weather no stint of people in Thornton willing to pay from a sixpence to a shilling to see their face, reproduced by the artist's glass. Besides being an artist, our friend was a musician. He really played the violin skillfully, and between fiddling and photographing he got on quite well.

At the time of which I am writing he was a middle-aged man, strongly built and rather short of stature. His weather-face had on it a look of weariness, and also of resolution. Other things than the sun and the wind had had their will with that face. A life's tragedy had scarred it deeper than ever the elements could. His scant hair was iron gray. Tom Rainger was not popular in the village. He would sit for hours at the Three Jolly Boys, smoking and speaking to no one. When he did talk there was something overbearing and aggressive in his manner. He never went to church, but he might often be seen coming out of the churchyard, where, under the grass and flowers, lay what had once been "the desire of his eyes"—his friend, his companion, his good angel, his wife.

"It was the loss of her," said the landlady of the Three Jolly Boys, "that turned him sour, as thunder turns milk sour."

After five years of happiness her fresh gay voice, the blue light of her eyes and the light gold of her hair and all the dear caressing ways, she had gone out of his life and left him, as we have seen, a soured man.

One midsummer's eve, a time to become memorable henceforth in Mr. Rainger's life, that gentleman sat in the bar-parlor of the Three Jolly Boys. It was a club night, and having for the benefit of the Jolly Boys performed twice on his violin, he put the instrument away, and shouldering his case, and with his pipe set fast between his teeth, passed from the mixed fumes of tobacco and spirits into the clear, moonlit night. The Jolly Boys were hard at it when he left them, but the sound of their jollity was soon behind him; the common was about a mile from the village.

It was a warm, luminous night. Every leaf and every twig of every tree was distinctly visible, such a power of moonlight was on everything. A note faltered through the warm, compassionate stillness. Then from a clump of trees a nightingale began singing.

There were hot tears in Rainger's eyes as he walked along. It seemed to him as if the moonlight, the warm air, the singing bird, had some message from his dead wife—a message which he could not interpret. Ah, with what a passion of worship he thought of her!

When he reached the cottage, instead of entering it, he passed on to the common, where moonlight and unbroken stillness reigned. Standing there, it came to him to take out his violin and to begin playing with all the expression of which he was capable, and he had no small measure, "The Last Rose of Summer." It was one of the airs his wife liked best to hear him play. Under his hand, which then seemed to acquire the very master's touch, the music rose and quivered and floated far away. He wondered if beyond the moonlight she heard it. All his heart was intent on this when he heard a sound which made him start. It was the sound of feet hurrying as if one were running a race for life. In another second or two, with a low cry, something caught his hand and dropped at his feet; then a girl's voice said, in a whisper of terror:

"Save me! hide me! they will find me if you don't! They are following me, I know!"

Rainger raised the girl, and, acting on impulse, led her to his cottage. As they walked along she said:

"As I was running I heard you calling me. That was you, wasn't it?"

"It was my music you heard," he answered.

"Your music?" she repeated, simply. "I don't know what that is."

Just then they reached the humble cottage, with its wholesome garden of sweet-smelling flowers. Rainger struck a light, then he turned and looked at his companion. He started back with an involuntary cry; for, in the girl fronting him, he seemed to see his wife again—the same shape of face, the same light of gold hair, the same soft, blue eyes, only in these there was a strange pleading, questioning look—a look which seemed to say: "Where am I? Oh, save me!"

He came near and his hand fell on her shoulder. He started again, for the shoulder he touched felt warm and wet. He looked down and saw that blood was soaking through her thin dress.

"They beat me so," she said, "that I ran away to-night."

"Who beat you?" he asked.

"I don't know; but they did beat me, and made the blood come."

Then the whole truth flashed upon Rainger. About five miles off was an asylum and the girl to whom he was talking was an escaped patient.

"You won't let them take me from you, will you?" said the poor thing, grasping his hand with painful earnestness.

Again his wife seemed to be looking at him out of those eyes. His wife's voice seemed to whisper through the room: "You must keep her and be a father to her for my sake."

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Kate."

"I will never let them take you from me, Kate; but you must always do what I tell you; if you don't they will find you and take you away."

"And beat me again?"

"Yes, worse than ever."

Then he looked at the poor mangled body and dressed the wounds. I am writing of a time, happily past now, when the unfortunate inmate of lunatic asylums underwent horrors which it now sickens one to think of.

He made Kate lie down upon his bed and then casting himself on the floor fell into a broken, uneasy sleep. Finally when the dawn had well come, and birds were talkative, he rose and went to look at his charge; she was sleeping as peacefully as a child, one hand half hidden in her long gold hair.

Mr. Rainger felt that something very precious and very beautiful had come to him, but what was he to do with it? Fortunately there was one person in the village who loved and trusted him, and whom he in return also loved and trusted. This person was not beautiful to look at, and also she was old. Her name was Martha. He resolved to take her into his confidence. She had nursed his wife through her long and fatal illness, and had been his friend ever since. Unwilling himself to leave the house, as soon as it was light he sent out one of the boys of the village to Martha, asking her to come to him at once. She complied with his request, and, while Kate continued to sleep, Rainger and Mrs. Wakefield talked of what was to be done. One thing was clear, that, if possible, Kate's presence in the cottage must be kept a secret. Mrs. Wakefield would send in some fresh clothes for the poor girl, and when night came Rainger would take those she now wore, and which seemed to him a badge of the asylum, and bury them in some wonderful caves close at hand, holding in their depths miles of night and darkness. When Kate awoke Martha went to her, washed and dressed her, and shuddered over her poor, wounded body. When she was dressed she was brought to see Rainger. She bade him good-morning and put up her face to be kissed.

As a rule Rainger prepared his own breakfast; to-day Mrs. Wakefield saved him that trouble. Kate's was taken to her in an inner room, lest any of the neighbors should catch sight of her in their passing by.

It was little work that Rainger got through that day, so occupied was he in studying his charge. Mrs. Wakefield had lent her a picture book, which seemed to delight her. Once in the course of that day, when she was alone with Mrs. Wakefield, she said, fixing her eyes intently on that good woman, and speaking in a tone which, in its intensity, corresponded to the look in her eyes: "Where's Tom?"

She had heard Mrs. Wakefield call him by his Christian name.

"Do you want Tom, my pretty?" answered the widow.

"Yes, I want Tom," replied the girl, dreamily. Then she fell to looking at her hands, as if they had suddenly grown strange to her.

Mrs. Wakefield went for Rainger, who was not far off. The girl threw her arms about his neck, buried her face on his shoulder and sobbed and laughed by turns. Then she asked for the music, so he got his violin and played to her. As he played it seemed as if her poor spirit, wandering in lands lit by dubious lights, echoing with unjoyful laughter and sad singing, haunted by shapes terrible and indescribable, was striving desperately and vainly to grope its way back to the land of reason and reality. What could there be to apprehend in her? She seemed strangely gentle. Her voice was very low and had in it a subtle inner music which went right to the hearer's heart.

I cannot set forth in words the passion of tenderness with which Rainger thought of his new charge. When he went on the common he left her locked up in the house with doll or picture-book. So passed a couple of months.

One cold, wet, windy August night, a night when nature seemed shudderingly to realize the impending desolation of the end, Rainger lay asleep in the room adjoining the one occupied by Kate. He was a sound sleeper. Suddenly, however, he was awakened by some one shaking him violently. He started up to see Kate standing by his side. She carried a light in her hand, and her gold hair was all unbound. There was a look in her keen eyes that he had not seen there before—a look of protest and infinite horror—the look of an animal about to undergo some torture from which it knows there is no escape.

"What are you doing, Kate?" he asked; "has anything frightened you?"

She placed the light on the table and her fingers began working in one another. Then she said, in a tone of voice scarcely louder than a whisper:

"I am going to scream."

She had scarcely uttered the words when she flung back her head and stretched out her hands, while from her lips there broke a shriek so terrible, so unearthly, as to make the blood of any one who heard it turn cold. It was a cry which seemed to rend the sense of hearing. It was so wild, so unlike anything ever heard before, that it suggested some new agony of body and soul—a fresh discovery in the realms of torture.

Fortunately, there was no cottage within a mile of Rainger's. He came near her, but she sprang at him like a wild thing, her eyes flashing, her lips drawn back and showing her gleaming teeth. At length breath failing, she fell to the ground, where she lay cowering as if she expected every moment to feel the stroke of a rod. It was clear that she was liable to these terrible and dangerous outbreaks of insanity. Before morning she was taken with another wild fit of screaming, after which she grew strangely quiet, and then fell asleep.

When she awoke she was again the gentle, trusting, childlike Kate.

"What if such a fit should take her in the daytime?" thought Rainger, and he shuddered.

Every day she seemed to cling more and more to her protector, whom only she and the old woman loved.

Often, for hours together, he would hold her slight form clasped against his heart, as if she had been his child, her bright head leaning upon his shoulder. He told her fairy tales and simple rhymes, of which she liked the sound; but most of all she delighted in hearing him play. He was seen less and less at the Three Jolly Boys, and became still more unpopular. Then people grew curious to know how and where he spent his evenings.

One evening a man stole to his cottage door. It was closed, but the man thought he could hear Rainger talking to himself; he was telling Kate a story.

For four months the patient search had been made for the escaped mad girl, but with no good result. It often happens that when we have searched long and diligently for some object, and have at last given it up as lost for ever, we come upon it by accident when there is no thought of it in our minds.

So chanced it with Dr. Prince, a shrewd, hard, implacable-looking man. He had quite given up the hope of finding his escaped patient, when fate led him to the very place where she was. The doctor, who enjoyed bodily exercise, was returning on foot one evening to the asylum. His way lay over the common. He had counted on a moonlight walk, but instead of moonlight a fog fell over everything—a fog, too, that wetted one like rain. Dr. Prince was perplexed to know what course he should take when to the left of him he spied a gleam of light, which proceeded from Rainger's cottage. The doctor gave thanks for it, and, pushing open the gate, stood in the little garden, which, because of the season, smelt then only of decay. "A pest on these November fogs," thought the doctor, before rapping at the door. Then he stood there arrested by what he heard from within, though what he heard was simply a man's voice saying:

"Well, when the good fairy saw how sad little Alice was, with no books, no pretty pictures, no nice dresses, and no dolls—"

Then a girl's voice, questioningly: "Didn't she have any dolls?"

Then the man again: "No; no dolls at all, not one."

Then the girl: "Did she have any music?"

"No; no music, either."

"Then she must have been a very sad little girl!"

"So she was; but let me tell you what the good fairy did."

"It must be she!" ejaculated Dr. Prince. "I should know that voice anywhere. Run to earth at last, my dear."

Without more delay he knocked on the cottage door. The man left off talking, and said "Hush!" in a low tone of voice; then feet moved across the floor and a door shut. Then the door that led from the garden into the sitting-room was opened by Rainger.

"I have lost my way most hopelessly in this horrible fog," began the doctor; "and, catching sight of your friendly light, I thought you might be able to oblige me with the loan of a lantern."

The unsuspecting photographer replied that he should be happy to supply the desired object; and, while he was getting it ready, the doctor came in and made himself at home. There was something in him that Rainger mistrusted and disliked.

"You live here alone?" questioned the new-comer.

No answer.

"I say, you live here alone."

"Yes, I live here alone."

"I thought when I came to the door I heard voices."

Mr. Rainger stopped in preparing the lantern, raised his eyes, fixed them on the stranger's face, and said, insolently, it must be owned:

"Perhaps you did and perhaps you didn't. What business is it of yours whether I speak the truth or not?"

"As it happens," answered the doctor, "it is my very special business. I believe—nay, I am almost certain—that you have concealed a dangerous and escaped lunatic, for whom the closest search has been made."

"That's nonsense!" returned the other, brusquely, busying himself with the lantern. "There is no escaped lunatic here."

"I am sorry to doubt your word," replied the doctor, "but, really—" and as quick as lightning he darted to the door of the adjoining room and opened it. At the same time a shape sprang from it, rushed passed him, and falling at Rainger's feet, implored him wildly to take care of her and not to give her up.

Dr. Prince looked on with a satisfied smile—he had recaptured his victim.

"It's too late to remove the patient to-night," he said. "I will send for her in the morning. I assure you, my friend, she will be well punished for this." And his cruel eyes gleamed.

"I'll keep her against the whole gang of you," answered Rainger, sullenly. "Have no fear, my darling; they shall not touch you."

"She will be removed as early as possible in the course of to-morrow," said Dr. Prince, quietly. "I shall pass to-night at Thornton;" and, taking up the lantern, he walked out into the night.

Rainger closed the door after him and locked it. Then he sat down and considered what he could do, and Kate crouched beside him, crying from time to time, "Oh, Tom, save me!"

"Yes, my love, yes," he answered, "I will save you still;" but he asked himself, "How?"

At one time he thought of getting out his wandering house and driving her away in it; but what good would that be? They would be followed and soon found. What was there to be done? He had always prided himself on being a man of resources, yet now he seemed resourceless. Presently he got up and went into the garden. A strong, keen wind had sprung up, and had wholly scattered the fog. The cold air was radiant with moonlight.

He walked up and down, sorely distracted as to what he should do. Suddenly he stopped in his walk and exclaimed, "Yes, better even that than to give her up to them." He took another turn to and fro; then he went on. Kate was sitting just where he had left her, her face buried in her hands.

"Kate," he said, "I can save you if you will do just what I tell you."

"I will be good," she answered.

Shortly after this a man, powerfully built, though somewhat low in stature, and a slightly-made girl might have been seen walking together in the direction of the noted Thornton caves, in which once Druid priests had performed their dread sacrificial rites. The girl carried a violin case, the man carried a lantern and a spade. The two soon reached the mouth of the caves.

"Where are we going?" asked Kate.

"In here, dear," he answered.

She sprang back, saying, "It looks so dark in there, I'm frightened."

"It won't be dark with this," he said, turning up his lantern to the full. "In here you are safe. Here they will never find you."

"Are you quite sure they won't find me?"

"Quite sure; bend your head very low. There, that's it; you can stand up now."

They were in the everlasting night and winter of the Thornton caves. Indeed in that mighty darkness the rays of the lantern seemed just a faint protest of light.

The ground was thickly covered with sand, which rendered their steps noiseless. In parts this sand collected in drifts, forming regular hills.

"I am frightened," she said, beginning to cry. "I want the music."

Giving her the lantern to carry, he took the violin from its case and began playing, and so he drew her on as Orpheus drew his Euridice. The caves are cold and the caves are dark. They stretch for miles, and wind as snakes wind.

At length they reach a remote part. Rainger leaves off playing and restores the violin to its case.

"Kate, my own darling," he says, drawing her close to him, "I love you as I should have loved her child and mine."

"What are you crying for?" she asks, putting her hands to his eyes, from which, indeed, the tears are falling fast. "I'll be good; don't cry, Tom," and she lays her face caressingly against his.

He draws one arm away and feels for something in his coat—a flash, a sharp report, a whizz of something through the air, a puff of smoke, a cry, a thud on the sand—then absolute silence.

Rainger stood for several minutes without moving; then he took the lantern from the ledge of rocks where he had placed it, and kneeling down by the fallen form looked closely at the face and felt the pulse and heart. Yes, she was passed all earthly detection, all earthly dread. He replaced the heavy old-fashioned pistol in his coat, and using the spade he had brought with him dug under a projecting slab of rock a rough grave, wherein he reverently laid the fair body.

"God bless you," he said, as he turned away from her he had loved so well. He was at home in these caves, as very few people were, so that he had no trouble in retracing his way to the entrance. Oh! the deserted little cottage to which he returned! Kate's empty bed; Kate's empty chair! Still he said to himself that it had been the only way. He had loved her too well to let her live for suffering worse than many deaths could be.

The next day, with a force of keepers, Dr. Prince presented himself at Rainger's cottage.

"I have come to remove my patient," he said.

To which answered Rainger: "She has removed herself; the bird has flown out of the cage. Look long enough and perhaps you will find her."

It was a strange case; but, after all, what evidence could be alleged against Rainger, unpopular as the man was? I, however, think that his trust was well kept.—*Philip Bourke Marston.*

The Chairs of Noted Senators.

Daniel Webster resigned his seat in the United States Senate on July 20, 1850, says a Washington letter. His desk is still in the senate chamber, but which one, where its sits, and who is the lucky Senator that has it, are secrets to all the world except Captain Bassett, whom Mr. Webster brought here when a mere boy, and put him in position as a page eighteen years before he resigned. Captain Bassett has held a place in the Senate from that day until the present, being acting assistant sergeant-at-arms now. But to the story of the desk: As above stated the possessor of or its number is as profound a secret to the Senator who sits in it as it is to an Egyptian mummy. Captain Bassett's reason for keeping all knowledge of the numbers of Mr. Webster's, Mr. Clay's, Mr. Calhoun's seats a secret is that, knowing and understanding the desire of the average American citizen, both male and female, for relics, he fears to give the secret away lest the desk would be chipped away by piecemeal by the curious who throng the capital every day. There has been no change in these desks from the day they were brought into the capitol until now, other than the annual coat of varnish. Captain Bassett has a memorandum record of their numbers and places, which he keeps under lock and key, and will, when he comes to shuffle off this mortal coil, furnish to the proper person all the information relative to these desks, in order that their history may be carefully preserved and handed down to future generations as mementos of Webster and his associates in the Senate. There are three other desks in the Senate chamber which curiosity hunters would like to be able to see and know that they were the right ones. These are the desks of Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi; Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, and Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts. Mr. Davis' desk occupied the same position in the chamber that Mr. Beck's does now, but it is not known to any one except Captain Bassett whether or not it is the same one. Mr. Douglas was in the same place as that occupied by Mr. Pendleton, and Mr. Sumner was in the place now occupied by Mr. Dawes. In 1862, when the New York Zouaves were in the city, about twenty of them went into the Senate chamber early in the morning to destroy the chair and desk that had been occupied by Jefferson Davis. Just as they were in the act Captain Bassett put in his appearance, and asked them what they were about. They quickly told him that they were going to destroy the seat and desk because they were the one used by Jeff Davis. Captain Bassett suggested to them that their mission in Washington was to protect public property, and not destroy it. They saw the point, and Captain Bassett proceeded so to change the number of the desks as to be able to say to all who might inquire that the desks that were used by the Senators were not now in the same places, as they had been changed around for the express purpose of preventing them from being mutilated by relic and curiosity hunters.

A Remarkable Freak of Nature.

A remarkable freak of nature arrived in Cincinnati recently in the way of a child which has managed to live for seventeen months without that bony "dome of thought" which is regarded as essential to continued existence. Moreover, the child seems to have had no need for a brain, if the eyes may be believed, for, in the absence of a skull, the head is translucent and almost transparent, while, by the aid of a lamp properly held, it may be perceived that the brain cavity is filled with a colorless fluid. Nothing exists in this serum that can be perceived. The head is larger than the body, the increase of size being almost entirely above the temples, and measures twenty-seven inches around. The lower face is perfect, and the child would be pretty but for the monstrous development. The rapid growth of the upper head has drawn the skin until the eyelids will not close, and the eyebrows are pulled up an inch at least above the normal position. When an *Enquirer* reporter visited the child it was asleep, and its mother would not allow it to be awakened for experiments. A rather dim coal-oil lamp was placed behind the monstrous head, and gleamed through it as though the skin formed the only obstacle to the light. The veins upon the forehead and the locks of hair upon the back of the head made the only shadows, as was proved by moving the lamp. The light behind the head illumined the whole of the interior, being as perceptible upon the sides as the front of the occiput. It is claimed that when the child is awake the light of a lamp or sunlight falling upon the back of the head is even more plainly seen through the eyeballs or the nostrils, or through the ears when placed at one side. This remarkable head is covered with an abundant growth of auburn silky hair.

The child has every appearance, except in the color of the skin, of good health. It is fully developed, very plump, and is said to be strong, while it has a good appetite. In all its habits it is regular, and like any other child. That it should have progressed so far as to be weaned, maintaining good health, and should have reached the teething period, is one of the wonders of physiology. Its senses are said to be perfect and acute, and it possesses enough of intelligence to smile faintly when tickled and to recognize food when it sees it. When the child was born it was known as "the headless baby," as it seemed cut off above the ears on a line sloping toward the nape of the neck, while a wrinkled skin covered the top. It suffered greatly, and its life was preserved with difficulty. At three or four weeks of age the skin began to fill out, when the child's sufferings ceased, and it enjoyed good health. The growth has been constant since. The child suffers no pain and only the inconvenience of being unable to sit up, in consequence of its deformity. The tension of the skin is such that it does not yield as readily to the touch as might be expected from its appearance, yet the child does not seem to experience any trouble from this, and was sleeping as sweetly as anybody's cherub.

This child was born February 20 of last year, on Beech fork, of Twelvepole creek, Wayne county, West Virginia. It is of the male sex, and is known as Franky Canady.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

EASTERN AND MIDDLE STATES.

A FIRE at Syracuse, N. Y., destroyed the main mill of the Syracuse iron works, causing a loss of $200,000. At Keeseville, N. Y., the flames burned two hotels, Association Hall and other property, entailing a total estimated loss of $100,000

A SWIMMING contest for $1,000 and the championship of the world, between the English champion, Captain Matthew Webb, and Thomas Riley, the champion short distance swimmer of America, took place at Hall, Mass., and was won by the former. Captain Webb made the distance (two miles) in one hour, four minutes and fifty seconds, and Riley in one hour, five minutes and ten seconds.

A FATAL accident occurred on board the United States steamer Tallapoosa just after she left New York harbor for Newport. The men were at exercise, lowering the life-boat, when three of them were thrown overboard. Henry Kratz, acting quartermaster, was probably stunned, and did not rise to the surface; August Ohlmsen, boatswain's mate, was rescued with one arm disabled, and Oscar Westerholm, seaman, with broken ribs. Julian G. Baker, gunner's mate, who saved the life of Ohlmsen, was thanked on the quarterdeck, and substantially rewarded by Secretary Chandler, who was on board the Tallapoosa.

AT Cohoes, N. Y., the protracted struggle of the Harmony Mills operatives, which began on April 24, is virtually ended, most of the strikers having resumed work.

HENRY J. HALL, paying teller of the Rhode Island Hospital Trust company at Providence, confessed to being a defaulter in the sum of $21,000. The stealing was begun in 1875 and the money was spent in extravagant living.

AN explosion in the Erie railroad elevator at Buffalo blew off the roof of that structure. The building at once took fire and burned to the ground. The engineer and three other men were killed. The damage done is about $250,000.

JAMES REDDEN (colored) was hanged at Newcastle, Del., for assaulting a twelve-year-old white girl.

GEORGE LEE, of Newark, N. J., defeated Courtney, Wallace Ross, Hosmer, Riley and others at the Saratoga Lake regatta in the professional three-mile boat race. The amateur championship was won by F. Holmes, of Pawtucket, R. I.

A FIRE at Newport, R. I., partially destroyed the Cliff house, a summer resort, and two adjoining cottages.

GENERAL CHARLES J. POWERS, a prominent Rochester (N. Y.) lawyer, slipped and fell in the street sustaining injuries that caused his death. He was forty-nine years old and had served with distinction in the late war.

THE Pennsylvania State trade and labo convention met in Philadelphia and after passing a series of resolutions indorsed the nominee of the Labor party for governor, Thomas A. Armstrong.

MARTHA and Flora Crosley, aged respectively fourteen and eleven years, and Minnie Peddick, aged twelve years, were drowned in the Juniata river at Huntingdon, Pa., by the upsetting of a boat.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN, president of Girard college, Philadelphia, died the other day, aged seventy-four years.

A FIRE at Haverhill, Mass., destroyed a morocco factory, a sash and blind factory and a shoe factory and badly damaged three dwelling-houses, causing a total estimated damage of $100,000.

SOUTH AND WEST.

THE National Prohibition convention has been in session at Chicago, 341 delegates representing all parts of the Union, being in attendance.

Two bales of new cotton, the first of the season, were received at Wilmington, N. C., from South Carolina, and were sold for shipment to New York at sixteen cents per pound.

BEN HARRIS, a colored man living near Visalia, Cal., recently shot and mortally wounded his wife, killed his step-daughter, aged fourteen, and severely wounded another step-daughter, aged ten years, with an ax, and then escaped.

DISPATCHES from the Indian Territory say that the election of Overton for governor is a great triumph for the Stalwart Indian element as against outside influences and the violation of treaties. He has been governor for four years and the nation made giant strides during that period. Overton opposes the railroads.

AT the Kansas Greenback State convention in Topeka ex-Governor Charles Robinson, the first governor of Kansas, was nominated for governor, together with a full ticket.

THE Michigan Democratic State convention in Jackson adopted a resolution for fusion with the Greenbackers. By this proposition the Greenbackers get the governor, commissioner of the land office, superintendent of public instruction and a member of the board of education. The Democrats have the lieutenant-governor, secretary of state, state treasurer and auditor-general. This proposition was accepted by the Greenback convention in session at Grand Rapids, and that body nominated the Hon. J. W. Begole, ex-member of Congress, for governor. Both conventions nominated the rest of the ticket in accordance with the agreement.

ROBERT PARKER was hanged at Aiken, S. C., for the murder of his wife by poison.

Two of the desperadoes who robbed a stage in Arizona and murdered the express messenger and another man were lynched at Globe. At Madison, Fla., two colored prisoners, charged with murder, were shot and killed in a train by a crowd.

GOVERNOR CAMERON, of Virginia, has refused to commute the sentence of Mary Booth (colored), aged fourteen years, who is to be hanged on November 17 for poisoning Mrs. Gray and Travis Jones, of Surrey county, in the early part of April, by putting arsenic in their coffee.

MANY new cases of yellow fever and numerous deaths have been reported from Brownsville, Texas and vicinity. The quarantine guards extend along the Rio Grande from its mouth to Santa Maria, a distance of sixty miles. Business has been practically suspended in the afflicted region and much destitution prevails.

Two men were instantly killed, another was fatally injured and several more were seriously wounded by the explosion of the boiler in a tile factory at Selma, Ohio.

DISPATCHES state that Ben Ficklin, a town in Texas, was all washed away except eight houses, and that forty persons were drowned. The majority of the victims were Mexicans.

MRS. J. M. STRATTON, wife of a successful lawyer at Leland, Ill., shot her husband and then herself, both dying immediately. They had been married only a short time, and it was supposed lived happily together.

MRS. CHARLES HOVEY, a young married woman living at Thetford, Mich., during a fit of temporary insanity drowned herself and five-year-old child in a tub of water.

THIRTEEN Indians engaged in the recent rebellion in the Creek Nation were captured, tried and found guilty, and were publicly whipped at Cane Creek, Creek Nation, each man receiving one hundred lashes on the bare back.

THERE were eighty-two new cases of yellow fever and eight deaths in one day at Brownsville, Texas.

FIRE destroyed the greater part of the business portion of Farmerville, La.; total estimated loss, $80,000.

PRATT, the cashier of the First National bank at Kewanee, Ill., which was recently robbed of $20,000 by men who had left a valise in the building, has been arrested, charged with complicity in the robbery. It is charged that the locking up of Pratt and his assistant, Miss Harris, in the bank's vault, by the robbers, was pre-arranged. Another of the alleged perpetrators has been captured at St. Louis, Mo.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WARRANTS for the payment of $10,000,000 on account of pensions were issued the other day from the treasury department.

A COMMITTEE that has been investigating the management of the storekeepers' department of the treasury building has discovered that there has been a regular and systematic shortage in the amount of ice delivered to the treasury department, extending over two years. The amount of the shortage is estimated at 10,000 pounds of ice per month.

DURING July 65,010 emigrants arrived at the various United States ports.

BY order of the President, Acting Postmaster-General Hatton has removed Mrs. Anne E. Thompson as postmaster at Memphis, Tenn., and appointed James H. Smith to the vacancy.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says that General William T. Sherman will ask to be placed on the retired list of the army in November of 1883. He would be retired under the army compulsory act on February 8, 1884, at which date he will be sixty-four years of age.

A TELEGRAM from the navy department at Washington has been received by Admiral Clitz, commanding the United States naval force in Asia, announcing that Commodore Shufeldt's treaty with Corea has been rejected, requesting that a ship of war be sent to Corea, and stating that Mr. Young, the United States envoy to China, would assume diplomatic control of the question.

CAPTAIN ALFRED HOPKINS, commanding the navy yard, Pensacola, Fla., has informed the acting secretary of the navy that yellow fever is spreading in Pensacola, and that extra precautions are necessary. Precautions for the safety of the men were accordingly taken.

THE secretary of war has approved the recommendation of the Mississippi River commission for the apportionment of the fund appropriated by the last Congress fo. improving the navigation of the Mississippi river, and it is supposed that work upon the river will begin at once.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FISHERY Inspector Kiel, of Canada, has stopped American fishing in Canadian waters.

STEPS are being taken in London to place a bust of the poet Longfellow in Westminster Abbey.

MR. G. O. TREVELYAN, chief secretary for Ireland, at a reception given him by the citizens of Belfast, said that the government would wage unrelenting war on crime.

LIEUTENANT R. M. BERRY, who commanded the Jeannette search steamer Rodgers, and Engineer Melville, of the Jeannette, have had an audience with the czar of Russia, by whom they were cordially received.

THREE thousand ship-joiners at Glasgow, Scotland, have struck work.

A REVIVAL of the attacks upon Jews is reported from the interior of Poland.

IN consequence of the disturbed state of the country in the vicinity of Athlone, Ireland, soldiers and police, on cars, scour it nightly.

A HONG KONG dispatch says that four thousand natives have died of Asiatic cholera in a single Phillipine province, but the epidemic is now decreasing.

HUNTER, a notary of Montreal, Canada, swindled a large number of widows, orphans and ladies and then absconded to the United States. His liabilities are more than $150,000. He held a high social position and spent much money in extravagant living.

DURING a heavy gale off the Newfoundland coast a number of vessels and some of their crews were lost.

A CALCUTTA (India) dispatch says that there has been fearful rioting between Hindoos and Mohammedans at Salem in the presidency of Madras. One hundred and fifty Hindoos and three Mohammedans have been arrested. An eye-witness of the disorders says that headless corpses of Mohammedan men and women were lying on every side. Houses of Mohammedans were burned and the principal mosque was almost razed to the ground. Dead pigs were thrown into wells with the corpses of Mohammedan children. The Mohammedans are a small minority of the population.

ADVICES from Japan gives the following account of the massacre of the royal family of Corea: At about 5 o'clock on the evening of July 23 an organized band of insurgents took possession of the main thoroughfares in Se-Oul, the capital of Corea, and attacked the royal residence and the headquarters of the Japanese legation. The Japanese envoy and consul escaped with about twenty followers and made their way to the palace for protection, but they found it already in the possession of the rioters. They then retreated to Jinsen Port, fifteen miles distant, being repeatedly assailed on the way. Four of the party were killed, three were wounded and several are missing. The survivors finally made their way to a British ship. A Japanese vessel that was sent to Corea returned with the announcement that all the Japanese at Se-Oul had probably been slaughtered, and that the capital was in a state of anarchy. Of the royal inmates of the palace the king alone was spared. The queen was murdered. His heir and his betrothed, both children, were killed by poison forciby administered. Thirteen ministers of state and other high dignitaries were slain. The proceedings are said to have been directed by the ex-Regent Tai-in-Kun, by some said to be the father and by others the uncle of the king. He has always been a violent opponent of foreign intercourse. Japan acted with promptness and prudence. A naval and military rendezvous has been established at Shimonoseki, the nearest port to Corea. A fleet has been dispatched to the scene of disorder and troops have been gathered to await the development of affairs. Reparation must be absolute and unconditional or war will ensue.

LATE telegrams from Corea state that the uncle of the king has seized the throne.

THE Siberian plague is appearing to an alarming extent in most widely separated quarters of European Russia.

THE annual report of the wheat crop in France shows it is excellent in twenty departments, good in forty-five, fair in eleven, poor in nine and bad in one—that of Corsica.

CHOLERA is creating great ravages in Japan and in the Phillipine islands. At Yokohoma out of 775 cases within twenty days 572 cases proved fatal. At Tokio about eighty cases and fifty deaths occur daily.

A. C. HESSING, at one time a prominent Chicago politician, well-known as "Boss" Hessing, had his skull crushed in, presumably by his servant, while on the road to his mine in Sonora, Mexico, with $2,000 with which to pay off his men.

AN unusual scene witnessed recently in the harbor of Alexandria, Egypt, was the keel-hauling of three Arab sailors on board the Egyptian frigate Souda for mutiny. They were first flogged and then tied to a rope and hauled up to the port side yardarm. They were then dropped into the sea, dragged under the keel and hauled up to the starboard yardarm. They were soon dead.

The Trouble in Egypt.

As the Austrian gunboat Nautilus, bound from Port Said to Alexandria, passed Aboukir, the commander, seeing the white flag flying on the forts, supposed that they were in possession of the British, and sent a boat ashore with an officer and twelve men, who were made prisoners by the Egyptians.

A dispatch from Port Said says: "The British have captured Ruchdi Pasha, formerly the khedive's minister of finance, and Zulfikar Pasha, of the khedive's household, who had espoused the cause of Arabi Pasha."

The military police have arrested nineteen Greeks who were pillaging in the Arab quarters in Ismailia. Ten of the prisoners were shot.

A dispatch from Kantara reports that the British forces now hold the Suez canal throughout its entire length, and that they have an abundance of good water.

General Sir Garnet Wolseley, in a dispatch to the war office, recounts an engagement at Magfar in which he held his ground the whole day against 10,000 Egyptians. His forces numbered about 2,000 men. In his details General Wolseley says: "I advanced this morning before daybreak with the Household cavalry, two horse artillery guns, thirty mounted infantry, 1,000 men from the York and Lancaster regiment, and the marines. After some skirmishing I took possession of the dam which the enemy had constructed across the canal between the villages Magfar and Mahatta. During the operations two squadrons of the Household cavalry charged the enemy's broken infantry very gallantly. I soon found that the enemy were being largely reinforced from Tel-el-Kebir. I could see trains arriving. I thought it inconsistent with traditions for the queen's army to retire before any number of Egyptian troops, and so decided to hold the ground until reinforcements arrived. All day long I have had an Egyptian force of 10,000 men, with ten guns, in my front and on my right flank. The precision of the enemy's artillery fire was very good, but fortunately they fired common shell nearly all day, and when they did fire shrapnel their fuses were badly adjusted. The enemy had their cavalry regiments in line. Our horses, having been recently on board ship, were not in condition to gallop much. The two horse artillery guns were served with pluck and ability. Our casualties have been slight. Captain Hallam Parr was wounded through the leg. Lord Melgund received a wound through the hand. Captain Parr's mounted infantry distinguished itself. All the troops engaged did well. To-morrow I shall attack the enemy's position at Holenko, and hope to take possession of the dam which they constructed there this morning."

On the following evening General Wolseley telegraphed as follows from Ismailia: "I pushed on again this morning at daybreak. The enemy had a strongly intrenched position at Mahatta, and from the bold way in which they attacked me yesterday I hoped they would stand their ground to-day. They withdrew their guns, however, last night. They had twelve in action yesterday. The force at my disposal this morning was the First Division and all the English cavalry, with sixteen guns. My intention was to pivot on my left at the dam we took yesterday, and swing round my right to take the enemy's position in the flank and drive them into the fresh water canal, sending the cavalry completely round their position to occupy the railway in their rear, and, if possible, capture their engines and rolling stock. This operation was very well carried out. All the heavy work devolved on the cavalry and artillery, which were well handled by Major-General Lowe. He attacked the rear of the enemy, who had a large camp at the Mahsameh railway station, which he took, routing the enemy with considerable loss, taking five Krupp guns, seventy-five railway carriages laden with provisions and a large quantity of ammunition and rifles. Notwithstanding the fact of our horses being unfit for heavy work and the long march which the reinforcements I ordered yesterday had to make, I have every reason to be satisfied with what has been done. The guards, under the Duke of Connaught, made a very trying march yesterday across the desert. They were well handled by him. The losses yesterday were: The Household cavalry, one private killed and five wounded and ten horses killed; the Horse artillery, two privates and five horses killed; the York and Lancaster regiments, one private killed and five wounded; the Marine artillery, one private killed, and the Mounted infantry, two officers wounded. There have been forty-eight sunstrokes among the privates, one fatal to-day, so far as I have yet been able to ascertain. Major Bibby, of the Seventh Dragoons has been severely wounded. Admiral Seymour has organized a boat service along the canal, on which we shall have mainly to depend for supplies until the locomotives get to work. The army owe the navy a deep debt of gratitude for the assistance they have rendered."

An Alexandria dispatch says: "At about 5 o'clock in the afternoon two heavy guns, recently placed beyond the Waterworks hill, opened fire on the enemy on the left bank of the Mahmoudieh canal. About twenty rounds were fired. Several shells exploded in the midst of the enemy's intrenchments, causing considerable damage. The enemy replied feebly. The British forty-pounders at Ramleh cannonaded the enemy's lines today. At about 5 P. M. a conflagration was observed in the rear of the enemy's camp, about ten miles beyond Ramleh. The British man-of-war Minotaur shelled the enemy's outposts in the direction of Aboukir this afternoon. The shells seemed to burst in the midst of the enemy's position. The Minotaur fired with increased rapidity until sunset. The enemy's reply was weak. There was altogether little activity in the rebel lines. The impression gains ground that the bulk of Arabi Pasha's men have been withdrawn from Kafr-el-Dwar."

Only six dead Arabs were found on the field of battle at Ramses, but inside Ramses were found several small pyramids of stones freshly erected, beneath which dead natives were probably buried. Though the engagement was not serious, so far as hard fighting is concerned, the soldiers acted splendidly. The difficulties of the ground were fearful, while the heat of the sun defies exaggeration. General Wolseley's object has been achieved, says a dispatch, and the British have gained so much more fresh water, for the canal had been carefully dammed at Ramses. The British lost a good many horses and mules.

Said Pasha informed Lord Dufferin, the British ambassador, that the Turkish council of ministers had resolved to publish the proclamation against Arabi Pasha and to accept the military convention with England conformably to Lord Dufferin's proposals.

Eight men were killed and sixty-one wounded on the British side in a battle at Kassasin Lock. The Egyptians attacked the British troops, and after considerable fighting were repulsed with severe loss. Arabi Pasha was in the field during the action. General Wolseley telegraphed from Kassasin Lock the following account of the engagement: "Major-General Graham, commanding this post, was attacked last evening by about twelve guns and eight battalions. Our men behaved extremely well and inflicted severe loss upon the enemy. At first General Graham had only five guns, two and a half battalions and a small detachment of cavalry and mounted infantry. Being reinforced by another battalion he attacked the enemy in front while the First cavalry brigade, under Colonel Sir Baker Russell charged them in flank, sabering a considerable number. The cavalry were well handled by Major-General Drury Lowe. General Graham's dispositions were all that they should have been. His operations were carried out with the coolness for which he has always been well known. Arabi Pasha was on the field during the action. The cavalry charged by moonlight, but were unable to secure the rebel guns, which the enemy withdrew during the night. The latter left, however, all their ammunition. Our killed are Surgeon-Major Shaw, six marine artillerymen and one infantry sergeant: The wounded are one major, two captains, two lieutenants and fifty-six men."

A New York *Herald* dispatch gives the following graphic account of the British cavalry charge at Kassasin: "The cavalry now advanced in echelon form, the Seventh dragoons leading. Under cover of these the Life Guards formed for a charge, and at the word of command the dragoons opened right and left to allow them to pass. Already the brigade major had passed down the line the word, 'The cavalry are to charge the guns.' Sir Baker Russell in front shouted, 'Now we have them. Charge.' Away went the long line, disappearing almost instantly in the darkness and dust. Away behind them went the Seventh dragoons pressing on the flank of the guards. We who remained in the rear had the full benefit of the storm of shot and shell which greeted the advancing horsemen, of whom from this moment we saw no more till the battle was over. Led by Sir Baker Russell they charged straight at the guns, sabering the gunners as they passed, dashing into and cutting down the flying infantry. General Russell's horse was shot under him, but he seized another and kept with his men. When the battle ended a scene of wild confusion ensued. Some guns still fired. Bodies of infantry kept up a fusillade. Meanwhile our infantry had had a hot time. Hundreds of shells burst in the confined space. The shelter of trenches afforded but poor protection. The Egyptians came on with much spirit, and were gaining ground when the roar of guns on their left and rear, followed by the rush of cavalry, proved too much for them. From that moment they thought only of flight."

Toulba Pasha, commanding at Kafr-el-Dwar, and one of the foremost of Arabi Bey's generals, has been poisoned.

The Rising of the Nile.

Measuring from the cataracts of Sayene, where the Nile enters Upper Egypt from Nubia, to the most northernly points of the Delta, or Lower Egypt, there are about six hundred miles of country, the settled population of which is peculiarly dependent upon the great river for very existence, and every year swayed by hopes or fears as the waters of the stream are sufficient or scarce or too abundant. The welfare of the Egyptians is, in truth, intimately bound up with the annual recurrence of a natural phenomenon known as the "Rising of the Nile." The river, issuing from a valley a few miles north of Cairo, enters the low, wide plain, which, from its resemblance to the fourth letter of the Greek alphabet, received from that people the name of the Delta. The stream divides itself into two branches, that of Rosetta, or old Canopic, and that of Damiat, or Phatnitic. The river at Rosetta is about 1,800 feet wide, and at Damiat nearly 800 feet. The rise of the Nile, occasioned by the periodical rains of Central Africa, begins in June, about the summer solstice, and continues to increase until September, overflowing the lowlands along its course. The Delta then looks like an immense marsh, interspersed with numerous islands, with villages, towns and trees just above the water. Should the Nile rise a few feet above its customary elevation, the inundation sweeps away the mud-built cottages of the fellaheen, drowns the cattle, and involves the whole population in ruin. Again, should it fall short of the ordinary height, bad crops and dearth are the consequences. The inundations having remained stationary for a few days, begin to subside, and about the end of November most of the fields are left dry and covered with a fresh layer of rich brown slime; this is the time that the lands are put under cultivation. During the winter in England, which is the spring in Egypt, the Delta, as well as the valley of the Nile, looks like a delightful garden smiling with verdure and blossom.

Whoever makes a great fuss about doing good, does very little; he who wishes to be seen and noticed when doing good, will not do it long.

The first step toward making a man of your son, is to train him to earn what he spends; the next best step is to teach him how to save his earnings.

England's standing army numbers counting all ranks, 133,210 men.

Afraid of a Letter.

It was not long ago that I happened to be in a part of Central Africa where no white man had been before. I was separated from my companions—100 miles distant. War was raging around me; the road was difficult. I wished to communicate with those whom I had left behind. "Who will return," I asked of the naked savages, "to the white men and carry them something from me?" Numbers volunteered, glad to earn a yard of cloth for the job. A letter was written and offered to a man, and he was told that this piece of paper would inform my friends of all—that it would speak to them. He dropped the letter on the ground and ran away. Others were tried, but it was useless. A great crowd assembled, and at a safe distance from the little bit of paper fluttering on the ground. "It is medicine," they said. "It is charmed." In vain I tried to reason them out of their terror. None would touch it. "Will no one," I said, "keep it and give it to the white men as they pass this way?" A yell of refusal and excited gesticulations answered my request. "Then I shall place it here in this tree," I said, moving toward it, while the crowd dispersed in flight, "and you can point it out to the white men when they come." Even this they refused to do. My friends passed close under the tree, but no one dared show them the charmed thing, and there it is probably to this day, fluttering on the branch of that stunted fig tree like an evil spirit, the awe and terror of the tribe.—*H. B. Cotterill.*

Advice to Consumptives.
On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption send two stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

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THOMAS G. JONES, of Emporia, Kan., now languishes in a cell for marrying his granddaughter.

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Calves—Com'n to Prime Veals	7	@	8¾
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Hogs—Live	7¾	@	7¾
Dressed, city	10¼	@	10¾
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	4 95	@	7 75
Western, good to choice	5 25	@	8 75
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 12¼	@	1 13¾
No. 1 White	1 16	@	1 16
Rye—State	75	@	79
Barley—Two-rowed State	1 07	@	1 12½
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed	83	@	90
Yellow Southern	92	@	92
Oats—White State	75	@	80
Mixed Western	55	@	60
Hay—Prime Timothy	70	@	1 00
Straw—No. 1, Rye	60	@	65
Hops—State, 1881, choice	49	@	50
Pork—Mess, new, for export	21 25	@	21 25
Lard—City Steam	12 25	@	12 37½
Refined	12 80	@	12 80
Petroleum—Crude	6¾	@	6¾
Refined	7¾	@	7¾
Butter—State Creamery	22	@	27½
Dairy	18	@	19
Western Im. Creamery	22	@	24
Factory	15	@	17
Cheese—State Factory	6	@	11
Skims	2	@	5
Western	7	@	10¾
Eggs—State and Penn	23½	@	24
Potatoes—L. I., bbl	1 50	@	2 50
BUFFALO.			
Steers—Light to fair	4 25	@	4 75
Lambs—Western	5 25	@	6 00
Sheep—Western	5 00	@	5 25
Hogs, Good to Choice Yorkers	7 50	@	8 00
Flour—C'y Ground N. Process	8 25	@	9 00
Wheat—No. 1 Hard Duluth	1 30	@	1 30
Corn—No. 2 Mixed	85	@	85
Oats—No. 2 Mix. West	64	@	65
Barley—Two-rowed State	90	@	90
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Beef—Extra plate and family	18 00	@	20 00
Hogs—Live	8¾	@	9¼
Hogs—City Dressed	10½	@	10½
Pork—Extra Prime per bbl	19 50	@	20 00
Flour—Spring Wheat Patents	7 50	@	8 75
Corn—High Mixed	93	@	94
Oats—Extra White	72	@	76
Rye—State	85	@	90
Wool—Washed Comb & Delaine	46	@	48
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Flour—Penn. Ex. Family, good	5 50	@	5 50
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Rye—State	97	@	97
Corn—State Yellow	69½	@	69½
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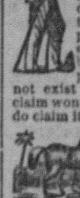

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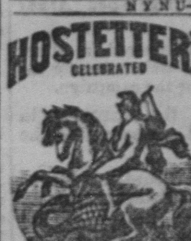

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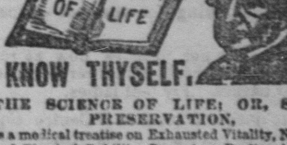

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